

CINEMA

Registered by Australia Post—
publication No. VDP 2123

Papers

NOV 1998
Issue 70
\$4.50*



Fred Schepisi on **EVIL ANGELS**

Shame:
screenplay inside

Hairspray:
from sleaze to tease

Al Clark:
the big picture

Wes Craven:
the horror, the horror



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CINEMA *Papers*

No. 70

Editor

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Printed by York Press Ltd. Distribution by
Melrose ID Publisher Company 54 Park Street,
Sydney NSW 2000

Opinion articles represent the views of the
author and not necessarily those of the editor.
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materials supplied to the magazine, neither the
editor nor the publisher can accept liability for
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Copyright Center. *Cinema Papers* is
published every two months by MTA Publishing
Ltd 500 Midland Street, Adelaide, South
Australia 5000. Telephone 080 428-5511. Telex:
AA 30505. Reference MA 200

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No. 70 November 1985

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Australian Film Commission

is published in 12 issues at a subscription from the
Australian Film Commission

B R I E F L Y

The new chief executive of the Australian Film Commission is Daniel Rowland. He has been an executive of Energy Source International, an international film production and finance company, whose projects include *Rawfow*, *Warrior Conspiracy* and *A Star Is Torn*.

In the early 1980s he was chief executive of Metro Television in Sydney and later helped establish the Centre for Technology and Social Change.

Jenny Sabie, former manager of the Melbourne base of the Australian Film, Television and Radio School, is the new head of Swinburne's Film and Television Department.

Apologies to Bruce Swenson, for incorrectly listing him as the composer of *Contagion* in the last issue of *Cinema Papers*.

The winners of the Australian Writers' Guild's 21st Auggies were:

- Best script: *Oliver* (Anthony Wheeler)
- Best original telemovie: *Oliver* (Anthony Wheeler)
- Best screenplay: *The Year My Voice Broke* (John Duigan) and *Afraid To Dance* (Paul Cockburn)
- Best stage play: *Emerald City* (David Williamson)
- Best television serial episode: *Licensed To Kill* from *A Country Practice* (Judith Colquhoun)
- Best television series episode: *Prejudice And Pride* from *Rafferty's Rides*
- Best television adaptation: *Spit McPhee* (Maya Wood)
- Best documentary: *Science And Fraud* (Norman Swan)

Best children's original: *The Hand On Your Shoulder* from *The Henderson Kids II* (Roger Moulton)

Best children's adaptation: *Hating Alison Ashley* (Richard Tulloch)

Best TIE/Community Theatre: *Talking To Grandma While The World Goes By* (Richard Tulloch)

Best TV situation comedy: *The Surprise* from *Mother And Son*

Best comedy revue/sketch: *How Green Was My Carrot II* (Doug Edwards)

Best comedy: *The Butcher's Son* (Norman Neeson)

Best radio adaptation: *The Feet Of Daniel Mennix* (Barry Oakley)

Best radio original: *The Chronon Separator* (Kevin Nemeth)

Best unpublished script (Monte Miller Award): *Started Out Fine* (Robyn Sinclair)

Dorothy Crawford award: Ray Lawler

Fred Parsons award for outstanding contribution to comedy: Ken Shadie

Special award for services to the Guild: Richard Lane

The 1988 Australian Teachers of Media (ATOM) Awards went to:

Animation: *The Whorlie Wonder*
Social issues, children's: *Live To Ride*
Social issues, general: *Nice Coloured Girls*
Science and nature, general: *Cave Treks - An Unnatural History*

Documentary, general: *Beautiful Lies*
Narrative, children's: *Double Take*
Narrative, general: *Damels Be Damned*
Tertiary, children's: *Looking For Space Things*
Tertiary, general: *Looking For Space Things*
Australian, general: *The Nights Belong To The Novelist*

Jury Prize: *Cave Treks - An Unnatural History*
Highly Commended were:

Animation, general: *Air Pests Of The Outback*
Narrative, general: *Machinations*
Tertiary, general: *Speed Graphic, Smacks And Kicks*

Social issues, general: *A New Lease On Life - The Lung Goodbye*

Overseas, children's: *Left Out*
Innovative, general: *Insatiable, Making Biscuit*

With this issue, *Cinema Papers* introduces the first of what will be a number of changes to come. We publish part one of Michael Brindley and Beverly Blankenship's screenplay for *Shame*, the Barron Films production, directed by Steve Jodrell, starring Deborah-Lee Furness and Tony Barry. This is a final draft, rather than a release script.

Cinema Papers plans to publish scripts regularly.

The feature on the Film Finance Corporation has been held over until the next issue.

B R I E F L Y

PRICK UP YOUR EARS COMPETITION

Ten *Classical Papers* readers can win a copy of the video *Prick Up Your Ears*, the story of the life and death of playwright Joe Orton (directed by Stephen Frears and written by Alan Bennett) and a copy of Orton's *Complete Plays*, courtesy of CEL and Heinemann Australia. The video of *Prick Up Your Ears* is not available for purchase.

To win the Joe Orton double package, all you have to do is answer one simple question: for what offence did Orton serve a jail sentence? Send your answer to Cinema Papers, 43 Charles Street, Abbotsford, Victoria 3067. The first 10 correct entries will be the lucky ones.



PRICE: \$49.95 (U.S.) **ISBN:** 0-7645-0110-0 **Pages:** 128 **Illustrations:** 100 **Color:** 100 **Size:** 10 1/2" x 7 1/2" x 1 1/2"

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FILM AUSTRALIA'S NEW FACE

FILM AUSTRALIA HAS ADDED PTY LTD TO ITS NAME. MARY COLBERT PROFILES THE NEW ORGANISATION

Film Australia is used to change. Its 72-year history has been marked by great fluctuations of fortune as the production house was retained and shuffled from one government department to another. From 1 July, the addition of "Pty Ltd" to its name heralds a distinctive new phase as a registered Commonwealth owned company, a separate entity from the Australian Film Commission, under whose mantle it has functioned since 1975.

No longer subject to the financial and staffing restrictions of the Australian public service (designed more for departments dealing with policy rather than projects) the company can now adopt a new focus more closely linked to the film and television industries. Fitting meet of its creative staff as freelancers on a contract basis.

With support from government in three-yearly contracts at \$15 million (for each period) no longer strategised by financial year limitations, the company will now have greater flexibility to plan long term, encourage other avenues of raising finance and base on future co-productions.

"We are now subject to the financial disciplines which follow from company status. It allows us to make much better use of our money and also means for the first time that we have to balance the books," comments Robin Hughes, previously general manager now managing director.

The company is to be governed by a Board of Directors under the chairmanship of David Gonski, a corporate lawyer (also a self-confessed film buff who was involved in setting up 100% tax concessions with the AFC) and managing director of Westfield Capital Corporation.

"We hope to be able to blend business acumen with artistic and creative flair," says Gonski. Selection of board members by Gary Funch, then Minister for the Arts, reflected a balance of these interests. Norm Hazenbutel (actor and director), Suzie Gerstein (publisher), Bruce Petty (journalist and filmmaker), Hilary McPhee (partner of McPhee Gribble publishing house), Mark Burrows (producer), Hal Myers (marketing/PR), and one most staff member to be elected when recruiting a completed Hughes is particularly delighted with the addition of what? Bob Taylor (for 14 years director of finance and corporate services at the Australia Council) as manager of administration and finance. "It's difficult to find someone who could preside over the

transition of an organisation from public service licence system to a commercial one and Bob has had a great deal of experience in both areas," explains Hughes.

The Cinderella-like transformation is a far cry from the uncertain, if not moribund direction in which the facility seemed to be heading three years ago when Hughes joined under what Philip Adams called "mission impossible". She left the "know what to do with it" and after an initial period of re-



FILM AUSTRALIA: David Gonski and Robin Hughes

organisation went on to create an impressive record. Over the last two years production output and marketing revenue doubled, and several films won artistic acclaim locally and overseas. "For the future still looked bleak when the review of 1986-87 presented its recommendations in a comprehensive report. Thus out of four options suggested closure of the facility, the fourth a continuation on a reduced basis with less money and fewer staff."

The current solution came from an unexpected source - Cabinet. The idea of forming a Commonwealth-owned company was proposed by Treasurer Paul Keating, and other members of the Review Committee of Cabinet, impressed by quality of product, gave it their support.

"It represents a pioneering attempt on the part of government to resolve the problems that face similar cultural bodies trying to operate effectively in the public sector, and may serve as a model for resolution of problems that exist elsewhere," commented Gonski.

Says Hughes: "The resolution and transition did present some difficulties as any major change does when one is trying to take care of interests of individuals. And we were trying to minimise distress." Thirty-seven staff accepted the redundancy package offered by the AFC, though many were still eligible to re-apply on a freelance basis. Amicable resolutions were found, Hughes admits, but she's relieved the period is behind her and that the company can now look to the future.

It is anticipated the company will be serviced by 85 permanent staff, with freelancers complementing the total to about 100 staff at any given time. Of course, production schedules will modify these figures somewhat.

The management team which spearheaded Film Australia to its current success will remain basically unchanged. Mazes Rubalcava is in policy and production planning. Robyn Watts is head of marketing (with an increased back-up team) and there are four exclusive producers: Janet Bell, Ron Saunders, Thomas Mullen and a more recent addition, Paul Humphress. Though the company still retains responsibility for film and video requests from Commonwealth departments and agencies, netting in contracts of more than \$3 million per year, generally the new focus will be on more commercial markets, especially television. "We will be looking to put much of that work into the industry," adds Hughes. More involvement will be sought on co-productions domestically, as happened with

Transmedia on the successful *Killdare Australians*, and internationally, as was the case with BBC and WGBH Boston on *Roads to Xenosia*. As a result of successful collaboration on the above project Film Australia has been requested to provide a significant Australian content component on a large-scale environmental series, *State Of The World*.

One of the major threats for new activity is drama, as a means to reach large audiences, raise awareness on matters of social and national significance and place the product in the marketplace. Delighted with the success of *Custody*, Film Australia is now working on *Prodigal*, working closely with the Anti-Discrimination Board. A monies is also on the drawing board.

Yet documentaries will still retain a significant place in the company's priorities. About to enter production is a series of six half-hour documentary essays on changing attitudes to welfare. The market is another area the company feels a responsibility to expand. Profits from the more commercially oriented projects will be (as in the past) channelled into experimental and innovative work.

When I interviewed Robin Hughes for this publication 15 months ago, she stated that she would be happy to move on and hand over to someone else once her contract was up in August this year. Now, as this new era begins, having experienced the "labour pains" she feels a compulsion to see the "new baby" onto its feet.

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Gillian Armstrong and three times three

In *Bingo, Bridesmaids And Braces*, Gillian Armstrong returns to the three women she first filmed 12 years ago for *Film Australia* in *Smokers And Lollers* and four years later in *It's Good, It's Better*. Is 26 better still? PHILIPPA HAWKER reports.

Joanne plays bingo with her daughters as a means of relaxation from the two jobs she holds down. Kerry has to face adults she never dreamed of when she decides to marry Neil. And at 26, Diana is still wearing braces on her teeth: she had her jaw broken and reset in her quest for dental perfection. Twelve years ago, brisk, open, knowing, naive, they talked about the future, they imagined for themselves at that stage it was not really bingo, bridesmaids and braces.

Gillian Armstrong did not mean to embark on a longitudinal study. But at 14, the three girls who confided in her about their families, their make-up routines and their attitude towards pregnancy all spoke with emphasis about the age of 18. They felt it was a critical time, and Armstrong wanted to find out what it really held for them. After that "I felt it was probably worth doing another part, and I thought that the next age of significance was 23," she says. The filming of *High Tide* delayed her by a year, but the wait enabled her to capture the wedding preparations of Kerry, an elaborate and ebullient, if logically demanding, conclusion to the film.

The obvious comparison for the series is *24-Up*, Michael Apted's famous human chart of the British class system, where 12 children from different social, economic and geographical backgrounds are visited every seven years, their lives examined, and the system that produced them evaluated. Gillian Armstrong has deliberately avoided seeing the series but feels, from what she has heard, that here has a different outlook.

Certainly Apted has a more defined structure, a tighter framing of his subjects. His approach is sociological-mathematical, although the people he films sometimes meet his equations. He also tracks the lives of a group of three girlfriends, but fails to get very far with them. Of all his subjects, they are the most distant, the most resistant to self-analysis, partly, one suspects, because Apted himself does not find the crucibles of their lives interesting and does not succeed in seeing them as individuals. There is something damnable about his approach to them and they respond with an equal lack of interest.

While her enterprise started as a one-off film, Armstrong now looks strongly about the value of the project. "After the second one I got feedback that it had quite a strong social importance." She

describes a visit to Canberra to lobby for the film industry, where she found politicians like Bill Hayden, Susan Ryan and John Dawkins preferred to quit her about *It's Good, It's Better*.

What audiences carry from the film, Armstrong believes, is a picture of three bright but bored girls, and an education system that has failed them. She feels the secret lies in what it can break down people's perceptions about other Australians, ordinary families. — Seeing people and their lives, the decisions that they've made, their hopes and dreams is the most effective kind of lesson.

It has power as a social and teaching tool... it can give insights into who we are and what we think, what it's like to live in this country. You can see what happens to people through lack of choice, late, coincidence."

Picking up the thread after eight years was not easy. The women were reluctant to participate this time around, and they were also, Armstrong says, more aware of the way in which they could be presented, more conscious of the workings of the media in general. In particular Joanne, who at 18 had two children and a failed marriage, did not want to appear again. "But she felt the film had social worth, and she wanted to show people that her life was working out," Armstrong says. Joanne's intuitive acceptance of misery in earlier years has been replaced by a determination to find happiness and security this time.

Armstrong spent time with them discussing the areas the film would touch on, then shot in November and December last year. The editing took six months. "Documentaries are written afterwards," Armstrong says. As one would expect, there were sensitive areas that were touched on, and difficult decisions to be made about what to leave in. Diana reluctantly discusses her attitude to abortion, and Armstrong pushes her to explain why it has changed. Diana, put on the spot, evades an answer, but addresses her questioner by name, with compassion. It is quite clear that she does not want to spell it out on camera. Armstrong thought long and hard about the inclusion of this sequence, she said. This film will be more widely seen than the previous two,

and there will be more publicity for the three women than before, something which concerns her a little.

Joanne's father did not want to take part, but finally agreed to appear, briefly, without speaking. When he arrived, however, "he started talking and it all came pouring out. Ultimately he wanted to have his say about the relationship," Armstrong says. He and Joanne confront each other in a brief but telling evocation of love, frustration, a desire to set the record straight.

Making use of the unexpected is crucial to this kind of documentary. "It's difficult for someone like me who is used to a lot of visual control," Armstrong says. "In a documentary you're in the hands of the camera operator. I spent time finding someone who was sympathetic to the girls and had a good eye - who would pick the same shots I would."

She shot roughly with a crew of three, some of whom had filmed Joanne, Kerry and Diana at 14. Kerry's "Girls Night Out", the "doss party" that involved less trips to the disco (in one night, was the major technical problem. A partner and a best boy were used in the disco and wedding sequences: the bus was great, and the disco scenes involved frantic scrambling to set up, film, then make it to the next woman. The calmation of the



BINGO, BRIDESMAIDS AND BRACES
Kerry Joane, Diana and Gillian (left to right)

night, according to Kerry's friends, would be a trip down to the beach, where lovingly-prepared baskets of sleep would be thrown over her. The crew spent an afternoon on the pre-night, a groomer was hired, but Kerry passed out before the last stage of her ordeal. All we see is a brief interview with her girlfriends - beautifully lit.

Armstrong says she would like to continue the project, adding, "If we don't all fall out after this film." She is already thinking ahead. Diana and Joanne have daughters, Kerry plans to start a family soon. In *Bingo, Bridesmaids And Braces*, there is a sequence where Joanne's older child, Rebecca, watches her mother put on her make-up, it's an intriguing image of three faces, together in the mirror, looking for differences, looking for similarities, anxious and absorbed. It is also a glimpse forward to the point where Armstrong hopes to end the series - with the daughters, at the age of 14.

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The Making of Evil Angels.

HOW DO YOU BRING THE STORY OF MICHAEL AND LINDY CHAMBERLAIN TO THE SCREEN? DIRECTOR FRED SCHEPISI TALKS ABOUT PRIVATE MOMENTS, PUBLIC REALITIES AND DINGOS TO PHILIPPA HAWKER



Fred Schepisi emphasizes that *Evil Angels* is not a 'Movie'. He does a lot with those two syllables; he frames the word in contemptuous inverted commas, then expels it from his mouth with disdain. Despite the film's budget and its scale and its subject matter and its cast, all of which guaranteed it headlines, speculation, gossip and media attention on an unprecedented scale, one of the things he was aiming



for, he says, was the feel of a home movie. And there are no inverted commas around that last word.

He wants it to seem like a home movie, he says, "not in the sense of cheap, or corny, or amateur-looking, but for people to have the feeling, 'this is actually happening'. I wanted it to be something you experienced. I wanted the feeling that you were involved in the event."

FRED SCHEPISI

Evil Angels takes its name and its origins from John Bryson's book, which established, with an air of passionate detachment and a fund of exhaustive detail, a convincing case for a miscarriage of justice in the (now quashed) conviction of Lindy Chamberlain for the murder

acquaintance with the case. "But I was astounded by the passion and vehemence with which people held their opinions. Even very intelligent people would have a rational argument, examine the facts, and despite everything would end up saying, 'She did it.'"

Schepisi was approached: he read the book and spoke to producer Verity Lambert several times about directing it, but always said no. "I thought it might be impossible to do the subject justice in a film," he says. "I might in the end be as guilty as the media have to be, in their brevity, of the very things I would be examining. I thought that to do the subject justice it would probably need six hours of television."

"I also thought, it's one thing to discuss a subject like this, it's another thing to present it as a film. What new light am I going to shed on this situation? Trial by media, trial by gossip, miscarriage of justice, we've seen and read many stories like that - does the world really want another one? How could I do it differently? Not just for the sake of it, but why would you want to go and see it?"

"Verity said, 'Oh, you just don't know how to do it, that's the problem, you haven't found a way.' And that was true," Schepisi says, with a smile.

"Bryson's book shows you how a lot of things were coloured by the media. But it doesn't tell you, and it doesn't purport to tell you, anything about the Chamberlains. As it was expressed to me by my composer, Bruce Smeaton, for him, there's a black hole in this book. That is in no way to denigrate it, but I believed that the Chamberlains had to be in the film."

"The film is the book and the private lives of the Chamberlains, so it becomes a film of personal drama. You

get involved in their story, in what it must have been like for them; it's saying, 'This could be you'."

"Here are two people who were, if you like, somehow caught on a railway track, and a train bore down on them. When the smoke and the dust cleared, and the noise died down, you realised that the train had fallen apart, but the people were still standing. That's how I saw the story."



Michael (SAM NEILL) and Lindy (MERYL STREEP) Chamberlain poised leaving the court in Los Angeles

of her baby, Azaria. Bryson showed how the presentation of evidence in court, the interpretation of those proceedings in the media, and an extraordinary surge of collective national superstition and rumour led to a widespread perception of her guilt.

Putting all that on the screen was going to be a different story. Shutting between Australia and the United States, Schepisi had a passing

With that in mind, and with Meryl Streep interested, Schepisi took another look at the project and, he says, found another way of doing it. "What it is, basically, is the public perception and the private reality. The whole film is about that, and the whole structure is about that. You

always have that little twist ... We didn't badger them and we didn't spend too much time with them, because we had to keep doing it on the basis of the facts."

This does not mean the *Dragoon* simplicity of a single authorised version. "Their facts, the



Michael (SAM NEILL) receives strength and comfort from Lindy (MERYL STREEP) during the trial in *Civil Anger*

got deeply involved with their private lives, and deeply involved with what is happening in the public arena at the same time, and with what the public perception is."

The only way to examine the private lives of the Chamberlains was to go directly to them. "[Screenwriter] Robert Caswell spent a lot of time researching and a lot of time with them personally. Subsequently I met them, and Meryl met them and Sam [Neill] met them and we talked, having done a lot of study and research. We asked questions, and then we asked tougher questions. Then I wrote something for myself, a kind of psychological profile, which they read, although they weren't meant to. It was only a guide for me, a way of sorting something out, but I think it helped them to tell us more."

What they were looking for from the Chamberlains was an account of "those things in private moments that are always surprising, sometimes in their ordinariness, but which

media's facts, the police facts - we've tried to present it all, and let it speak for itself."

The approach is exemplified, he says, by the handling of a speech Michael Chamberlain made on the night Azana disappeared. "It was a difficult speech, it was religious, and some people found it very cold. Michael had one version of it, Lindy another, the people who were there had another still. Sam and I were trying to sort this out, and he came on and did something I thought was too emotional. Then I realised that every perspective was correct, once you combined them. If someone had lost their baby, and you didn't realise he was a minister of religion and a grief counselor accustomed to urging people to pray, his speech might seem to you to be an odd one. It was an important thing to establish that reality was a combination of many points of view. We had to be very careful not to go for a specific point of view, this film is not Lindy's point of view".

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Similarly, facts can be set in a new context. Lindy Chamberlain's inquest wear, a different outfit every day, sent many media commentators into a kind of "Fashion on the Field" frenzy. It was taken as an indication of her self-centredness and callousness. "All those dresses were borrowed. Use the public perception, use the private reality - that's what it's all about."

"We did a lot of additional research, going through the transcripts, etc. We had a team of researchers, and Robert Caswell, who wrote the first draft, spent a lot of time with many different people. I spent time with Barker [the prosecution lawyer] and Kirkham and Phillips [the defence lawyers] so between all of us we managed to talk to a lot of people and get their side of the story."

Inevitably, recreating events for the film led them all to reassess things they had taken for granted or not thought to question in accounts of what happened on the night of Azaria's disappearance. Shooting scenes with a dingo, for example, training it with a doll, Schepisi describes how it would "stand there with its neck held up, doing everything it was not supposed to do, carrying what we thought was 10.2 lb, but which was actually 10.2 kg ... And the young actor who was playing [the Chamberlain's four-year-old son] Raegan, during the scene where Meryl's rushing in and out of the tent, tearing the place apart, and the camera's rushing in and out, and it's complete pandemonium, he fell asleep for about three-quarters of an hour. Just as Raegan was supposed to have. It was one of those things that sounded unlikely, but it happened."

For those who see the film, the greatest revelation will be the strength of the Chamberlain's faith, Schepisi believes. "That was the unshakable thing, their Seventh Day Adventism, the thing they were most criticised for, and it will be the thing that will be most reconsidered," he says. He was concerned, he adds, to find the best way to portray their religious conviction. "If we did it wrongly it could

turn people's stomachs, it could come out outsize-pie and Disney."

"But people will be astounded by Sam Neill, playing someone who tried to be strong and had a lot of faith and had great emotional difficulty handling the situation - it's a completely different

role for him. And Meryl has truly caught what made people react in the way they did to Lindy, yet she shows you what a bad judgment that was and manages to make you understand the real person."

Schepisi says, more than once, that the film is telling people, "It could happen to you." Of the Chamberlains, he says that there were things that people "would consider off-centre, like their religion - a respectable, ordinary, decent, middle-class religion, in fact."

"But nobody ever reacts to tragic circumstances and

public pressure in the way they would like to think that they would. And we judge people on a 30-second telecast, when they're nervous, or being deluged with questions, or what we're looking at is being manipulated or taken out of context - yet we come to firm conclusions."

"That sort of thing is so easy to do. The Americans were doing a trailer, and they were using something in a dramatic way, and I said, 'I'm sorry, I'm just not going to let you do that, you cannot take that out of context,' because that is one of the things we are criticising, the use of dramatic licence to pump up a story. That's where the problem started."

At the same time, Schepisi says, lengthy explanation didn't work. "If people explained things to one another, or questioned things, you'd put that in. But what I found was that the more we tried to put those kinds of things in, the more the more rejected them, it looked like we were making excuses."

"You're rooted in reality, every time you try to take flight, your feet are stuck in the mud. You can't take licence because you're dealing with people's lives. It can be difficult to make that live as a film."



Kirkham (BRENDAN HUGGINS) demonstrated the action of a dingo's paws using a doll during the trial in "Full Angel"

The other difficulties included the need to rebuild everything, as the camping areas and motels near Ayers Rock have disappeared, and the courtrooms were in use. Much of the night shooting took place in a huge shed. Schepesi is full of praise for production designers George Little and Wendy Dixon, and director of photography Ian Baker for the look of the film, moving between studio and arduous Northern Territory locations, where shooting took place in dust storms and 42 degree heat.

Northern Territory reaction to the filmmaking was, Schepesi says, "wonderfully ambivalent. There was a resentment and suspicion about the subject matter, but on the other hand, it was a 'Movie' - Meryl Streep was in it. You could see people in this

terrible quandary. In the end, people were very co-operative, but we felt the most aggravation in Alice Springs."

At this stage, *Evil Angels* is two hours long. "We arrived at what we thought was it, and then with previews in America and other reactions, we

realised that it would delight some people and we wanted it to reach more than that. It forced us to relook at it, to free ourselves from the quantity of facts. I want people to get sucked into a story and then get carried away that's all I want people to do. I want them to get involved and go on that journey. Our best achievement is that it is deceptively simple, and I'm fighting to keep it like that all the way."



A dingo emerges from the Chamberlain tent in the canyoning ground of Ayres Rock in 'Evil Angels'

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WES - CRAVING RESPECTABILITY

WES CRAVEN TALKS TO ADRIAN MARTIN

The Serpent And The Rainbow is not a particularly auspicious protest for writing Wes Craven. As he admits in the following interview, the assignment was more or less a job of work for him. All the same, the film is full of floating ideas, great jokes, and exciting bits of larger unexplored structures that are tied enough for the Craven fan.

There is always a dazzlingly systematic and idiosyncratic intelligence at work in even the least successful Craven film (of which there have been a few since *Last House On The Left* and *The Hills Have Eyes*, even going as far as the great *A Nightmare On Elm Street*). As a film about racism, *Serpent* is rather liberally caught between exploitation-bait and nihilist nihilism (the latter quality at least, in which Craven is very good. "People can look at the film 20 years from now and say it's really accurate, because we decided not to distort anything"). But critics (perhaps through sheer stupidity) have Craven plumb the action along a continuum from 'white' to 'black' (major), for the Palmolive's contribution on the latter's point-of-view subjectivity spreading by degrees into a series of blind idiosyncrasies, the splendid narrative games with events that rhyme and answer each other (most jolly in the gruesome distortion imagery, the hints of dark ambiguity and ambivalence underlying all routine life events, from an elite society dinner party to a rapist's live making. Not everything in the film makes clear sense. Bill Pullman's narration as the advertisement for his allies seems redundant or merely glib, and the prison attitude we are meant to adopt towards him is still an irritatingly open question at the film's close. Clearly Craven was trying to pull a lot of competing artistic factors together in the script, as the act, and well into the editing.

His comments on what he does betray a rather functioning schizophrenia: he is comfortable when talking hard-boiled filmmaking 'stuff', and equally so when he switches to his old pre-Hitchcockian literature teacher made his being in his films things like personal responsibility and the individual against authority, but asking him to find the points where the two might meet proves not so easy.

Then his attitude towards the horror genre (and that is reflected in the strangeness of *Serpent*) seems increasingly ambivalent: he appreciates the film as an art and a craft, but his respectful references to projects based more in 'commercial reality' and surface authenticity perhaps betray a wish to reach ground more generally regarded by liberal American culture as 'serious' and 'respectable'. It is a roughly similar story with some of the other filmmakers of his generation and its - *The Palmes* with *The Unbearable* particularly. Although Craven is not the kind to ever dismiss his own past interests as 'schlock', how many wonder just where his good intentions are leading him.

One of your work leaves the problems you're faced in maintaining total control over some of your films, particularly *The Hills Have Eyes* II. How much did you lose during the making of *The Serpent And The Rainbow*?

I had a fair amount of control towards the end of the process of writing the script, not a great deal of control actually. When I came into the project the film was already in its second script, and that writer was on his second draft. So it was one of those situations where I was hired more as a director than as a writer-director or as an auteur if you will. On the other hand, as the process went on, I had more and more of a hand in it. It was a process where I was turning into a larger group

of people that normally would not be working with someone from my background. There were mainstream studio people. Taking a shot on me because they'd seen how well *Nightmare* had done, and they'd seen my *Twilight Zone* work. But at the same time they were a little bit suspicious and mistrustful about giving me too much responsibility over the script. Then as it went on and they began to see what my abilities were they said, OK, you can write all the dream hallucination sequences. It stayed that way for quite a while. The final turning point was just before shooting when the writer came down to Haiti to rewrite major portions of the script and to complete the third act. He ran into a situation where he said a little bit too glibly after interviewing a black musician that he'd like to be inserted into *woodoo*. The man said well, you will be. In 12 days the writer went from being completely local to being completely dead and had to be shipped back to the United States. He subsequently woke up and was completely clear-headed again, but he

realized I came back to Haiti. So at the very end I was given the responsibility not only of shooting but of writing - a bit like for my tastes, but still I received the entire third act and did a complete character polish. The end product was quite a bit under my influence. It was not the same as if I had designed the script from the very beginning. There were things I would have changed. I would have had everybody decide what they wanted a little bit more clearly. Because there was some ambivalence on the part of the picture as to whether it was specifically designed to scare people, or whether it was meant to inform at a totally realistic way. There were moments when I thought of not putting the line 'A Wes Craven Film' in the credits, since it doesn't in its essence represent my unique view of things.

If I had my total choice I would have had a script pure and simple about the search for

the drug, and not even created the whole business of Peyronal and the conflict between those two men - even though everything about Peyronal is thoroughly researched. I like the film a lot, it gave me a much bigger picture and allowed me to deal with things that are listed in consensus reality a lot more than I ever had a chance before. But it still tends to rely heavily on the darker aspects of *woodoo*. I think that all of us, by the time we hit Haiti were somewhat conflicted about doing a film that showed it as a scary place because you want very much to help that place out however you can.

Your film distinguishes between good and bad uses of *woodoo*. Is the idea of a powerful god that which gives order to the ends of the dead purely mechanistic, or is it based on reality?

It is very much based on reality. The situation in Haiti was that nobody could ever control the countryside. All of the leaders that came after the French had, in fact the French had the same problem could control the big cities and the plantations but they couldn't control the main areas. They always had problems with revolutionary activity in those areas and that's where eventually the slave revolt gained its strength. The blacks would strike at the plantations, or at the cities and then go back into the deep countryside and nobody would even pursue them because they just wouldn't come out again.

What Papa Doc Duvalier did, nothing that completely, was to go in and subvert the power of *woodoo* within the people in the countryside, organizing around. He corrupted enough of them that he could make his secret police out of them. Once he had done that the secret police not only knew where the people lived, but where their souls were. Duvalier could threaten not only to take a man's life but also his soul. A man like Peyronal is exactly the sort of psychopath that was operating.

There is a striking loss of dialogue where the *Lucas* character says to the first Doctor on his quest how the *woodoo* powder, *Make sure they remember my name. What is the significance of that?*

It was something said to us hundreds of times by everybody from me to the Mission to little girls selling neckties. They had this extraordinary habit of saying 'remember my name'. The first thing the Mission says to you, especially if they're trying to sell you something or if they want to be your guide, in their name, and the funny thing is that they'll make up an American name like Charles. Then for the rest of the day they'll say

'remember my name. It's very poignant. As we were leaving, Haiti for the last time we constantly had people calling after us to remember their names, so when we were making the film it just was a very natural thing to have the scene of this man wanting to be remembered. I think the Haitians have a very profound sense that in some way they



Wes Craven



The Serpent and the Rainbow

are part of some strange twilight zone where they are not really here. That's why they are allowed to get so poor and so utterly devastated, because nobody really thinks of them that much. The Harmons feel that very acutely and want to be known as a nation and as a people and as individuals.

The other line Mozart has that's very significant as often he says that it's hard when you can't tell the difference between good and evil anymore, but after a while that's the beginning of real freedom. Many of the people that we met, you could not say they're a good man, and you could never say that is a bad man. They were both good and bad. The Harmons in general move very easily back and forth between actions that we consider evil and actions we consider heroic. It's just part of their nature. They don't see things in terms of good and evil, but in terms of a balance.



NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 3: Mark Patton shows his hand

In sharp contrast to *Nightmare On Elm Street*, Cathy Tyson as the main female character *Mardi* has a rather positive problem in the action, particularly at the end.

It was a problem for me, and we struggled as much as possible to give her real autonomy at that last act. But it was disappointing to me. Ultimately it was the story of a hero who in this case happened to be male, but as soon as you have that, I mean, for instance nobody would complain about *Nightmare On Elm Street* that the boy turned male, being positive, because males are so typically cast as the active. When they're not it doesn't seem like a big deal, whereas if you're female and you're slugging back into the old straits.

Some of that was just beyond my control. We tried to show just few moments to give her some real significant action. When she wakes up and says no, at the beginning of the change for Dennis. Connelly, she is a very powerful woman, constantly telling him what's really going on, she's a Ph.D. and she's also voodooist. She has immense strength throughout the film. It's just in those last few moments that she does become passive, and that is unfortunate.

When John Taylor was in Australia suffering *Martians* he often tipped his hat to you as a genre craftsman and cited *The Serpent*. And *The Rainbow* as a film full of inventive solutions to formal and scripting problems. How important is filmmaking craft to you?

Very much. When I first started learning film, I was studying and working with a man named Roger Beaumont who has since left the business. He was really gifted and he had a lot of things he would say to the editing room that really have stuck with me or a whole career. One thing he told me was that there are magic moments, the moment of good editing is finding, the shot out of the control, just keep cutting it, and cutting it, and cutting it until it works, and never stop trying different solutions. It's not like you go through an on great way and make the film fit. Films are real conscious puzzles.

The Serpent and *The Rainbow* was over three hours long in its first cut, so it had to be completely disassembled and put back together, missing a lot of parts, and reconstructed. Then there were overlays of sound, three different composers. Two different trunks as two different places, and a tremendous amount of changing of where scenes were in the context of the film. The scene in the hotel, for instance, when he finds the pig in the wall was originally much earlier.

One of the most creative commentators on your work is Robin Wood in the articles collected in his book.

Hollywood From Within: Is that right? Do you think Wood intellectualizes your films too much?

Back when I was teaching film studies, it always fascinated me about Shakespeare, in relation to the scholars that wrote

about him, how much he provoked for the groundings. I don't mean to say that in a patronizing way, but you must be aware that a large part of your support comes from people who are not looking at your films as an intellectual exercise. On the other hand, as an adult and as an artist you should be putting your own highest intelligence into it as well. So that in an ideal price, whatever it is, it should be accessible on any level. I think Mozart is music a like that. People are starting to hear him as easy listening without any idea of the complexity or brilliance of it. On the other hand, you can study Mozart at college level for the rest of your life and never quite plumb what he did.

I think it should be the same way with a horror movie. A good horror movie should be a visceral piece of art, and it should have an interior structure that is extremely well thought through. I could write a book about what I feel about *Nightmare On Elm Street* as a study in consciousness and responsibility. But it should also grab people by the throat and slam them against the wall, if they're there for a collector's sake.

That's just my approach. I try to do it on every thing. It's like voodoo in a way, at one moment entirely visceral down to people choking blood, slating in possession, falling down on the ground and rolling on the dirt, whilst other other aspects of it are ancient and thoroughly thought through, very sophisticated and quite wise. That's what anything you do should be, it should have that depth to it. A good horror movie should snap up for 20 or 30 years by intelligent analysis.

Looking back to the early 1970s, as *Wind* did,

it's possible to see a group of filmmakers with strong affinities yourself. George Romero, Daniel Cressley, Larry Cohen and Brian De Palma. There seemed a shared commitment to taking open all sorts of political and ideological questions—politically, the legacy of Vietnam, and so on. And they all seemed in the same genre. These filmmakers subsequently took all sorts of different trajectories, some right away from that initial beginning. What about you?

Obviously I will answer that question in sympathy to any higher self and any that, of course, I haven't sold out. But I have done things that I didn't attach much importance to at all. In my mind the television movement—the work I did was basically just jobs. I had no intellectual investment in them whatsoever. In retrospect I'm sorry I did them, I didn't realize they were distributed so widely as other cinema.

But as far as remaining radical—I would put *Nightmare On Elm Street* solidly on the cutting edge of the exploration of family relationships and personal responsibility. I think *The Serpent* and *The Rainbow* is right on their challenge, everything from the role of the United States in the Caribbean to the assumption that western science and religion are considered superior to anything of African origin. So I still feel like I'm out there doing outrageous things. I don't think I've ever been quite as blasphemous again as I was in *Last House On The Left*, but I feel that doing it again would be exploitative. To depict violence quite that extreme may need to be done once. In certain cases there needs to be a screen of outrage.

In some cases directors do seem totally significant within the horror genre and then for whatever reason, can't move on. They shouldn't be obliged to do only the same sort of works for the rest of their careers. To the directors themselves I think it can become somewhat repetitive. I'm sure De Palma, after doing *Body Double* and others as part of the genre, wanted to move into more mature or socially acceptable things. But *The Untouchables* is still a film very much about personal integrity and standing up to entrenched corruption. That's completely legitimate. I'm very suspicious of the academics that think this you always have to be out on the fringe only doing accounts of outrage, things that will totally offend the middle class. It's not necessarily the essence of art. It's one of the things that art should do from time to time, but it doesn't have to be the only thing. It certainly is not a test of the validity or lack of validity of an artist.



NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 3: Dick Cavett, Robert Englund and Zina Gold

A final point for the movie buff. Did you pick Diamonds Galen to supply the scenes of the dead in *The Serpent* and *The Rainbow*?

No. My second editor introduced me to her work, and I said, 'If she lives on this planet I want her.' It turns out she's a fan of *Nightmare On Elm Street*. When she walked into the first recording session she pulled at me. 'You gave me nightmares.'

JOHN WATERS: FROM SLEAZE TO TEASE

"I always wanted to sell out. The problem is that nobody wanted to buy me." That's John Waters' story and he's sticking to it. KATHY BAIL talks to the filmmaker who put the more in Baltimore and the less in tasteless.

If John Waters has one regret in life, it's that he wasn't a Buddy Deane: "Sue. As a teenager I was a guest on this Baltimore show. I even won the twist contest with Mary Lou Rasmus (one of the queens of *The Buddy Deane Show*) at a local country club. But I was never a Deane. Not a real one. Not one of the Committee members, the ones chosen to be on the show every day - the Baltimore version of the *Mousketeers*, the mutant kids in town, as they were called. The guys who wore sport coats with belts in the back from Lees of Broadway (10 per cent discount for Committee members), pegged pants, pointy-toe shoes with the great buckles on the side and drapes (grazers) hats that my parents would never allow. And the girl Deanes, God, hair-hoppers as we called them in my neighborhood, the ones with the Elita gowns, bouffant hairdos and cha-cha heels. These were the first role models I knew. The first stars I could identify with. Arguably the first TV celebrities in Baltimore."

Just one of the many obsessions of filmmaker John Waters, only this one has made it to the screen, in lurid and hilarious detail. *Hairspray* is about the same kind of TV dance party - *The Coretta Scott King Show* - a forlorn MGM musical lifted into the early sixties and twisted. All is

speaking class until one of the show's biggest fans, Tracy Turnblad (Ricky Lake) auditions. She is over-weight, oversized, always in trouble at school for "hears violations" and looks just like her mother, Edna, played by the miserable Dianne. A rebel with a cause, Tracy outmaneuvers teen queen Amber Von Tussle (Coleen Fitzpatrick) and eventually wins viewers' hearts with her radical social views, her new dances and her revolutionary hairdos.

As a commentator on the more bizarre side of lower middle-class America, Waters is notorious. Reveling in the Golden Age of Trash, he has flaunted his taste for junk culture in films like *Moonbe Thru*, *Pink Flamingos*, *Female Trouble* and *Polyester* (filmed in "odorous"). But *Hairspray* is the first film

he has made that is "literally like a treasury," a wildly nostalgic step back to Baltimore, 1962.

The smooth-talking Waters, immaculately dressed with pencil-thin moustache, says the sixties decade is close to his heart. Buddy Holly, Bill Haley, the Supremes, Annette Funkeo and Frankie Avalon were the rock 'n' roll stars of the day, teenagers were dancing the Mashed Potato, the Waddle, the Locomotion, the Bug, the New Continental and the Madison. Waters endearingly mimics the eccentricities and gimmicks of this period - his version of a teen flick, with an historical edge.



John Waters

Mourning the loss of "shock value", he doesn't envy John Hughes a jumpstart to speak to today's generation. "I don't see today's kids coming up with anything new. I mean stretch denim! They're imitating the stuff we did which is so depressing. Why aren't they shocking us? Why aren't they getting on their parents' nerves? They're straighter than their parents."



HAIRSPRAY Mink Kato and Sherry Thompson

Devotees of Waters' earlier films may even perceive a certain mellowing (*Hairspray* has already attracted a wider audience) but for Waters it's part of the movie game.

Hairspray almost happened in a Hollywood studio," he explains, with amusement. "It got up two levels and then what always happens as the main head of the studio meets Paul Fieravog, watches it with his wife in a Beverly Hills screening room at 10 in the morning, and... it's the worst resume I could have. It gets me in the door and then pushes me out; it's a *Catch 22*. As one guy said to me, give us a film we can admit we like." They like them in private but corporately they can't. I don't know. Since *Hairspray* came out, all the studios want to talk."

But why *Hairspray*? "There's some differences with my previous films," Waters claims. "The humor is the same though. It's a comedy about civil rights starring a fat girl, a man playing her mother, Sonny Bono, Debbie Harry, Pia Zadora - not exactly what Hollywood's going to give me: the rubber stamp fix. But it's a personal story with a lot of



HAIRSPRAY Divine pumps iron

affection for the characters. I don't think it is a put-down at all. Polyester was. And that's why *Polyester* didn't work in mid-America because they didn't think it was funny, they were saving their money to buy that furniture. The response was "What's funny about that house!"



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In his home town of Baltimore, Waters has the celebrity status that once belonged to the Buddy Deaneys his 'bad taste' is affectionately regarded as good taste. 'No, I'm not from Hollywood,' he insists. 'Baltimore is where I work. I'm away a lot but it's where my oldest friends are, my apartment, my home. It's a very eccentric city, 60 per cent black, a lot of rednecks, a severe style and a severe sense of humour. Even the mayor has a sense of humour. When *Hairspray* opened in Baltimore he proclaimed it John Waters Week. You have to laugh there. A lot of people have come to Baltimore after seeing my film and say I wasn't exaggerating.' I glorify the parts of Baltimore the Chamber of Commerce tries to hide. They don't want tourists to go where I want to take them!

Another Baltimore boy, and Waters' partner-in-crime, was the late Divine. Waters describes him as old friend, business partner, confidant, and co-conspirator, 'the best actor I ever worked with, he knew how to say what I wrote.' Waters gave him his name and the 'glamorous' Jayne Mansfield-type image.

He is credited in most Waters films as Jackie Kennedy in *East Your Male Up* (1968), as a hit-and-run driver in *Mondo Trasho* (1968), as Lady Divine in *Multiple Maniacs* (1970), as Ruby Johnson in *Pink Flamingo* (1972), as Dawn Davenport and Earl Peterson in *Frankly Obscene* (1974), and as housewife Francine Fishpaw in *Polyester* (1981).

Divine's intervention takes on a different meaning in *Hairspray*; it takes few words, simply a look, from this extraordinary actor for the audience to crack up. Edna's visit to Mr Pinky's shop for overweight women ('The Hefty Hairdressing') with her daughter Tracy is unforgettable.

Aside from a performance by Divine, Waters doesn't believe in a formula for comedy. It's unpredictable, unexpected. 'I did four drafts of the script and the final version is almost exactly what the movie is,' he says. 'When I first put a movie together it is always too long. With comedy I think you need to shoot more because something might be very funny by itself in a scene but when you put it next to something else it doesn't work. So I always shoot too much.'



HAIRSPRAY Pat Zachary clips Allen Ginsberg

For *Hairspray*, the selection of music provided a working structure. Waters started with his favourite records. 'I have all those 45s in my closet. After two marathons, I sometimes used to do the Madison with my friends at three in the morning. I played the music when I

was writing the script. I'd get up and play a record and visualise the scene. I picked the music first. They're all real songs. They were all real dances. The title song was ridiculous but all the others were real things that really happened. Most people can't believe it. I mean, the Beach!

It was hard to get some of the music. We had a music supervisor working for eight months; it cost US\$450,000. It's a paper chase. The music has been sold so many times since the first release to obscure companies that have gone out of business and you have to make so many deals. It was complicated, though I got what I wanted, except for one which cost US\$40,000 for 30 seconds. That was Sam Cooke's 'Cha Cha Cha'. It was robbery!

One of the major credits in *Hairspray* goes to hair designer Christine Mason. 'She did those hairdos for real,' claims Waters, witty, envious of Christine's archival knowledge of different styles, has also become something of an expert in the field. 'In Baltimore whatever hairdo you had at 17 you wear for the rest of your life. There are still women with those hairdos in Baltimore and they get used to that height. For them, it's the only way to look pretty when it's really a bizarre look. It's uncomfortable, you have to wrap your hair in toilet paper every night. One woman said to me proudly, it stays in two weeks. Two weeks! ... I love it just before they go to the beauty parlour at the end when it's collapsing and you can see it sticking out... Debbie Harry was great! She had hairdo injuries in the movie. That way she wore bad metal supports in it. It was so heavy her head was bleeding!'

It should be added that all this frivolity comes with a 'serious message'. Like its model *The Buddy Deane Show*, *The Carey Loftis Show* as exclusively white. Tracy Turnblad's crusade is for racial integration; inspired by the wonderful Motormouth Maybelle (Ruth Brown), she becomes a leader of the movement, her crowning as Miss Auto Show 1961 a symbolic victory for blacks.

'You can't get anybody's attention by preaching. That's the quickest way to get somebody to leave the theatre,' says Waters. 'If anyone can make me laugh I basically like them and will listen to them. I don't trust anybody who doesn't have a sense of humour about themselves. That and their shoes: that's how I judge people. If they have good shoes and if they can laugh they're OK.'

John Waters is quick-witted, always ready with a one-liner (Marshall McLuhan would have appreciated his style). He is obsessive, his obsessions, he says, can change daily. Party Hearst, teaching in prison, Christmas, the *National Enquirer*, murder trials, Marguerite Duras, *The Buddy Deane Show*, Pat Zachary, William Castle (King of the Gimmicks), Ovaltine, shoes, Hollywood, Lady Chamberlain (after a taste of the publicity for *Exit Angels* at the Cannes Film Festival).

He is unashamedly voyeuristic: 'I love to watch people, you know. I can be here and look at any person and be curious. What's their sex life like? Are they nice to their mother? What are their hidden fears? Do they make money? Anything. It's really none of my business. I'm a very nosy person. But that's how you can write - by basically being curious about things.'

The next project, another obsession, is in development. 'I'm just thinking it up,' says Waters. 'I haven't begun to write it yet. It curries a project if you start talking about it before you've done it, I mean you've got to talk about it so much after you do it. It's going to be a comedy. I'd love to have Lana Turner in it. She's the last real movie star. I like movie stars who like to have their picture taken, not the ones who hide from the press. Why did they become movie stars? I don't get it!'

* *Crickets: The Obsessions of John Waters* (Vintage Books)



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AL CLARK THINKS B.I.G.



Al Clark

AL CLARK WANTS TO LIBERATE AUSTRALIAN CINEMA FROM THE TYRANNY OF THE MINISERIES WHICH, HE ARGUES, HAS HAD A DETRIMENTAL EFFECT ON LOCAL PRODUCTION. WITH THE BEYOND INTERNATIONAL GROUP, HE WILL SOON BE SHOWING US WHAT HE WOULD DO INSTEAD. KATHY BAIL REPORTS.

Raymond Chandler in Melbourne. In Sydney in Brisbane. With Al Clark as head of production at the Beyond International Group (BIG), the thriller is a genre certain to be represented on the company's production slate. As author of the book *Raymond Chandler in Hollywood*, Clark feels that Sydney at least has enough back alleys and dimly-lit street corners to be the setting for a good urban thriller. It would need to be done with the meticulous sense of place found in a Peter Collins story, a portrait of a rough, sprawling and bright city. Recent films like *Grievous Bodily Harm* and *Dangerous Game* have set out to reinvent the urban landscape, and it is this mythologising of the Australian city that interests Clark.

"I'd like to make movies in Australian cities that are as mysterious and evocative as say *Chinatown* was of LA or *Monsi Lusa* was of London and really explore that fantastic architecture and the light. To someone from the Northern hemisphere, there is a cleanliness and a brightness about a sunny Australian city that suggests all kinds of extraordinary things. While I think the outback hasn't been portrayed with enough mystery, Australian cities haven't very much either."

Even the most hard-boiled producer cannot fail to be captivated by the country and its unique atmosphere. "Although the rural landscape of Australia has been quite well explored, certainly the desert one has often been done too literally," admits Clark. "It's interesting that the two most evocative films about the outback remain, in 1988, two films made in 1971 by overseas directors: Nicolas Roeg's *Mulholland* and Ted Kotcheff's *Made in Night*. I would find it exciting to make movies in Australia with directors who are likely to be surprised and inspired by the landscape."

This as the gaze of a producer and a foreigner, an extremely keen observer looking for potential. Clark joined Beyond in February this year, after working for the British film and record production company Virgin, where he held various positions including director of publicity, creative director, head of production and director of acquisitions. An executive producer of *Secret Places*, *Abandon*, *Beginners*, *Gothic* and *Captive*, and co-producer of 1984 and *Ala*, he brings an international perspective characteristic of the expanding Beyond group.

Clark's brief is to establish a feature film division, a relatively new area for the company that has made its name in television, most notably with *Beyond 2000* a slick, wide-eyed science and technology program that is now screened in more than 50 countries. While company directors Phil Gerlach and Mikael Berglund have already produced one feature film, *Cassandre*, in 1988, Clark's appointment was an indication of a more long-term commitment to feature production.

"When I was asked to do the job it was on the understanding that Beyond was going to be as involved in feature films as it is currently in TV," Clark explains. "My function was to find the movies to make and supervise their making. The intention is to make around four films a year, initially with a budget ceiling of £855 million, simply to spread our risk over as wide a number of films as possible, rather than stake it on a single movie."

"If you're going to start a new division of an already successful company, you want it to prosper. You can't be reliant on a single success. It also gives us an opportunity to vary the rhythm and the scale of the films, very where they're made. For example, Beyond's films will be made wherever they need to be made - and no less than half of them in Australia."

"We view ourselves as a Sydney-based production company which will function all over the world. Regardless of whether the films are made in Australia or elsewhere, they will be made only when we feel what we're doing can compete with a parallel movie from anywhere in the world. I see no point in making films that either reflect local life back at the people who lead it (this is the function of television) or which concentrate on 'folksy' middle-of-the-road entertainment which people don't go out to see anymore because they can stay home and see that. What I'd like to do is not allow the barometer to be 'is this an Australian movie?', but rather, 'is this a movie worth making?'"

In terms of finance, little exists in terms of policy (although at the time of writing, this applies to many production companies awaiting guidelines from the new Film Finance Corporation). Clark says the company can finance films on its own, particularly where a project is developed from an initial three-line idea to the screen. In some cases, he will look to collaborate with another Australian company or an overseas company. "It depends, of course, on

the amount of interest in a film," he says. "There may be an occasion when we can sell to a Hollywood major, if it's a film we've taken to a stage where it's going to be attractive to them."

Clark emphasizes the importance of maintaining a presence at overseas markets. He was at Cannes this year (with a bundle of scripts he kept carefully under cover) and plans to attend the next American Film Market. "You need this sort of focus," he says. "I'll be going to the AFM regularly simply because we have an apartment in Los Angeles. Increasingly, a Sydney-based production company has to spend periods of time in LA. There's no substitute for being there, no matter how sophisticated your office communications system. It's the same with London and visits to Europe."

The marketing of Australian films has indeed become more sophisticated in the eighties, with the producers targeting sections of a world market rather than banking on the sale of a film because it is 'Australian'. However, as Clark notes, fitting on the right formula requires delicate negotiation. "I'm not advocating the kind of bogus internationalism which was the hallmark of Low Grade's productions in the seventies - *Rose Troiano* for example. You can see the strings being pulled. You drag in an American, a French actress, a Dominican director, put it all together like you would in a laboratory."

"I'm not saying that making films isn't a science as well as an art, but it is not a science upon which you can force elements. There is either a rightness about what you're doing or a wrongness that no amount of cosmetic attention can put right. I'm advocating getting the right actor for the part, and if they happen to be American then that's who you should get. I'm very concerned that there should be no confusion between the kind of international filmmaking I'm advocating and the kind that is simply to do with embroidery. The latter doesn't interest me in the slightest; the former interests me a lot."

Clark argues that the Australian film of the late seventies and eighties that has most affected world cinema is *Mad Max*. "There have been more rip-offs of this than any other film," he says. "My favourite is *Mad Max 2*

Mad Max betrayed its low budget and *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome* betrayed its excessively high budget. The second one was absolutely perfect. I think it is the only really extraordinary film that Australia has produced. It was so striking, it provided the springboard for countless imitations. That's the kind of cinema that, when you strike upon it, is the most exciting of all."

"*Crocodile Dundee* is a good movie because it has half a dozen really good ideas but it around a character who is genuinely engaging. That's another path to follow."

Post-10BA, Clark hopes there will



Absolute Beginners: an earlier big picture from Al Clark

be a 'focusing of intention' in the Australian film industry. He says the demise of 10BA was timely, and that the two greatest drawbacks were becoming worse. Firstly the restrictions placed on a producer in terms of who they could and couldn't employ lessened the chance of selling internationally or obtaining a high level of prestige. Secondly a system controlled by brokers was likely to lead to too many inferior films that had no reason for existing - not even for a domestic market which was unable to support them.

However, he believes that there have been advantages. "Initially 10BA created the opportunity for a lot of people to make films and many of them have gone on to make better films," says Clark. "It hasn't actually done any individual any harm. The only harm that it has done is that it created a tidal wave of movies where the question, 'Who is going to see this?' has not been asked. As a result, it must be replaced with a system of supports that is much more to do with commercial interests, although not a disregard for artistic considerations - it would be really boring if everybody was making half-assed, cut price

versions of kung fu movies."

"The cost of a film has to be tailored to who you think is going to see it. There's no point in making a film unless you are confident that it is as good as its competitors. I'm suggesting a bit of realism, a desire to make the industry prosper, because it doesn't just revolve around *Crocodile Dundee* or its biannual counterpart. It revolves around a potency in Australian cinema, a clear notion about what's going to work."

Clark's plans are clearly for the big screen rather than the small, while the company continues to develop television product, he intends to keep his distance. He has a theory about Australian television which makes him cautious, or perhaps keen to lay new groundwork.

Australian drama, he claims, has been monopolized by the TV miniseries. "The miniseries is so important proportionally in the total amount of drama produced in Australia every year that I think it's become the yardstick by which everything else is measured. Aesthetically that's a problem, because you can't view a movie as a contracted miniseries. If it is a movie then it has to have speed,

shine, mobility, persuasiveness, comprehensibility. If it's a miniseries it has to work as TV drama, and be full of characters that people want to watch the night after. Although the experience to which everyone aspires is similar the actual mechanics of reaching it are different. The benevolent tyranny of the miniseries has created a lack of tension in a lot of Australian films. If you've been working on miniseries for a number of years, it's quite difficult to adjust to the needs of movies."

"My instinct at the moment is that the really good new Australian directors are not going to come from theatre or television, they're going to come from commercials and pop prompts. What this will lead to in some cases is empty-style movies but, on the other hand, it will crank up the flash and self-confidence of those pictures. If you're dealing with a genre that's so reliant on these qualities, like the thriller, better to have it directed by a commercial director who learns how to get performances than somebody who is only interested in performances and literally points the camera at them. That doesn't create any fizz."

Hogan's Heroics

STEVE J. SPEARS claims to be the only person in Australia who prefers *Crescent Moon Dunder II* to its predecessor. Here's why.

I didn't like *Crescent Moon* very much at all. I mean, I got it. Tarzan goes to NY, Boy Meets Girl, "Now that's a knife", Hoges had muscles and looked heroic, Linda had buttocks that were a delight to behold etc... but even though I got it, it seemed to be a rather long series of sketches - *The Paul Hogan Show* on wide screen.

I never liked *The Paul Hogan Show* either. It seemed to be mostly Benny Hill meets Increasingly Exhausted Gag Writers.

And yet, and yet, I like Paul Hogan. I loved his *A Current Affair* stuff, the Winfield and Fontana stuff later on, I liked his work in *Anzacs*, I like his interviewee style - land back and "let's not get too excited fellas". I thought his Academy Award opening speech was a polished gem and I agreed with every word in his *60 Minutes* chat at the media.

Even though I have never met him, I grew up with Hogan and I relish his success. As for shipping Linda... wouldn't you. And even if you wouldn't, ain't no one's business but theirs and the family's.

So, it was with apprehension that I went to see *Crescent Moon II*. If the first one left me virtually stone-faced and decidedly un-enthused, then I'd probably need to arm myself for the sequel (which, to put it mildly, has not been acclaimed as much) with poison pen and a vomit bag.

And guess what? I loved it. I think I am the only person in Australia who thought that *Crescent Moon* was a crack and *Crescent Moon II* was a little diamond. Sure, the plot cracks in spots and some of the devices are iffy, but this movie moved me because, unlike most Oz movies, this film is about something. It's a comedy-thriller about love.

Mick and Sue don't actually make love, but oh, boy, when they even look at each other it's damn near pornographic. There's a scene in NY when one of Mick's friends gently hints that Linda might be dead. Mick's face becomes both hard and confused, if the bad guys have killed her, then their other crime is that they have killed love. It's also clear that (a) Mick will avenge this and (b) Paul Hogan's dramatic acting skills have never been sharper.

But it's about another sort of love, too. Mick Dunder is in love with people. And Paul Hogan - as co-writer and executive producer - is in love with Oz blacks.

For all the clamoring that it's got from the intellectual cinema press, this is one of the few mainstream Oz movies that doesn't patronise or enoble blacks. In Mick's world, folks are folks. Near the end of the movie, when he's in trouble, he sends out a distress call to some friends who come along and give him a hand. The friends are black and - it is strongly suggested - his tribal brothers.

But this mob isn't a bunch of Bontes "kemo-sabe-ing" to the Great White Man. They're as dangerous, capable and witty as Mick is himself. A couple of scenes to illustrate:



Paul Hogan

Ernie Dingo and his grumpy mate are guarding some bad guys. Ernie's mate pokes one of the villains in the stomach and mutters something. Linda enquires what that was all about. Ernie calmly says that his friend wants to know if he can eat the fat one. Then, with perfect timing, Ernie's face breaks into a big grin, wide as the sky, and he winks slowly. The joke's on you, loosen up, whitey, we're all in this together.

Ernie's disgruntled mate is chomping on a fried bat. Someone asks him whether he is really enjoying that. "Nah," says the scurpuss, "needs garlic."

There's an earlier scene in New York where Mick's being chased by a drug dealer with a gun. Two Japanese tourists who don't know Mick come to his aid with some high-looking karate. Why did these men risk their lives to save him? They did it because it's the sort of thing that Mick himself would have done - if someone's in trouble, give 'em a hand.

In the present climate of Asian-bashing, with Howard and the Lib/Nats threatening everything from turning back the yellow borders to tearing up any treaty that we might eventually (and belatedly) sign with the Oz Blacks, this movie is a timely tonic.

The two NY Japanese tourists decided that Mick Dunder was Clint Eastwood. They're partly right. Mick and Hogan might be too embarrassed to say it, but the message in *Crescent Moon II* was "Make my day, be kind to one another."

JS. I laughed a lot.

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ART 24/88

BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS

7.11 am in Tinseltown. Wake up to the speedy DJ. Play back the messages on the answering machine. Everybody wants something. Jump in the Mercedes coupe. Rodeo Drive and Sunset Boulevard. Michael Jackson and Mickey Mouse in stars on the sidewalk. And the Hollywood sign, up there on the hill, reminding us all where we live.

Tom Garfield (John Waters) has inhabited the world for 10 years, but it hasn't left a trace on his accent. He's a playwright and a screenwriter with a truckload of awards and the hottest producers in Hollywood hanging on his every word. But at the opening of *Boulevard Of Broken Dreams*, he's heading back to the country he left a decade ago - back to Melbourne. "I can't keep running away from the past," he says. So, with his Lacoste t-shirt, Lacoste and Vuitton luggage, he heads for the suite with the white piano at the Regent Hotel.

The white piano is one of the many tangible signs of Tom Garfield's success. He's much more sought after than John Garfield, and almost as widely known as Garfield the Cat. He's on the cover of *Rolling Stone*. His name is familiar to Melbourne taxi drivers. The man at the hotel desk recognises him after a 10-year absence. His play, *The Human Heart*

is playing to packed houses at the Athenaeum.

So what is he doing back in town? He has come back to reclaim the wife and child he lost three years ago, when his obsession for work and his dependence on alcohol drove them away. (But his insistent approach frightens off his wife, Helen (Penelope Stewart). She is involved in what she sees as a safe relationship, and she doesn't want it threatened by his return.

His wife might not want to see him, but the world does. Theatre producer Geoffrey Borman (Kevin Miles), in an overblown pantomime performance, beds him up and coaxes him into giving a press conference, where he takes of the playwright as surrogate mother. "I tell my children to strangers," he says, explaining to a hostile fourth estate why he hasn't seen the Broadway production of *The Human Heart* and won't be going to the Melbourne one. Then he announces that he has sold his last offspring - he won't be writing any more plays.

But Suzy Daniels (Nicki Paull), the female lead in *The Human Heart* slips under his defences and prevails on him to come to the show, a two-hander with costumes out of Noel Coward and a set out of a *Tia Maria* ad. If the glimpes we see at anything to go by. The packed house gives it a massive standing ovation, and Garfield slips backstage to tell her that she's a star.

Wife and child are not the only aspects of the past he has to reclaim

There is also Ian McKenzie (Kim Gyngell), best friend and colleague in the salad days of Melbourne alternative theatre - shown in black-and-white flashback, with John Waters in a shaggy Alan Bates wig.

McKenzie is a writer, but he has stayed faithful to the aesthetics of a poor theatre. He's a long way from the suite with the white piano. Gyngell plays him as self-consciously bewile, jumpy, self-deprecating, but tempted by Garfield's offer: the treatment that Hollywood producers are pressing Garfield to write. McKenzie is to take on instead.

Will success spoil Ian McKenzie?

We are not to know. We know most definitely what has done to Tom Garfield. John Waters' performance catches the polished desperation of his character, but the pressures of fame are spelled out with the utmost gravity, and the symbols of success seem paradoxically to be advertisements for it.

Philippa Hawker

BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS:

directed by Peter Hewson. Producer: Frank Hewson. Executive producer: Peter Boyle. Screenplay: Frank Hewson. Director of photography: David Connett. Editor: Phil Reed. Production designer: Tel. 819/10. Sound records: Andrew Penhag. Music: John Capen. Cast: John Waters (Tom Garfield), Penelope Stewart (Helen Garfield), Nicki Paull (Suzy Daniels), Kim Gyngell (Ian McKenzie), Joanne Stickler (Joanne Garfield), Kevin Miles (Geoff Borman), Ross Thompson (Cameron Gyngell), Andrew McFarlane (Jonathan Lloyd). Production company: Boulevard Films. Distributor: Hoyts. Screen 87 mins. Australia 1996.



BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS: John Waters

THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEING

Philip Kaufman is a director without what we have come to recognise (in however woolly a fashion) as 'personality'. He is one of those filmmakers notable not for who he is (an auteur), but rather for something he does. Kaufman is a body snatcher, a simulator. Almost every project he undertakes seems poised ominously in relation to a pre-existing film, filmmaker or film type. Thus he works over an old classic (*Intuition Of The Body Snatchers*, appropriately enough), a grand dead genre (*The Great Northfield Minnesota Raid*), a current sub-genre (*The Wanderers*), or a cultural sensibility (Hawkeian heroics in *The Right Stuff*). The tone is one neither of rape homage (Lucas) nor righteous critique (Altman). Instead, a coolness, a steady sense of satisfaction for having reproduced precisely all the right surface movies. No 'local' perhaps. But something curious and certainly postmodern nonetheless, a nagging sense of the slights between the original and the copy, an inadvertent exaggeration of all the nowthen or heretofore differences that undermine the naive gesture of reproduction.

The Unbearable Lightness Of Being is a fake European Art Movie, made by an American. It is a completely monstrous, in fact obscene artefact. One has never seen anything so homophobically obsequious, the Czech accents, the actors and cinematographer from Ingmar Bergman's troupe, the young Czechoslovak actress who is made up like Anna Karenina, the three hours of running time... and the endless arch gazes under heavy eyebrows, the pitiful quotable lines ('Love is rather light'), the dreamy autumnal colours, the symbolic inserts, the throwaway moments of Bunuelian humour supplied by Burial's scriptwriter. The film is truly an offence to one's memory of *The Right Stuff* (which was, among other things, a modal adaptation, whereas this is a disgraceful one). Yet there is a sense in which this unbearable film, because it is so unoriginal, throws into relief that cultural item we call the art house movie, pointing up that in fact it is a cultural item like any other, a genre like any other, an act of market



Satira (LENA OLIN) in a scene from the film

exploration like any other.

I find it hard to experience this film (originally) as anything but a relentless procession of art cinema gestures, signs, poses. Young Teresa (Juliette Binoche) who stands for the innocent life force (like the proletarian poets in *The Sacrifice*) watch her 'unreflectedly skip, stumble and blush. Passionate Artist Sabina (Lena Olin) a telling moment of pathos as she pauses before her image multiplied and splintered in the broken mirrors of her art. Suave prok Thomas (Daniel Day Lewis) follow him as identification figure from snobbish superiority (Teresa: 'I'm reading Anna Karenina by Tolstoy/Him 'Oh, that Anna Karenina!') via cool understanding and resistance (politics as individualist ethics) to empathetic lovingness - a voyage from lightness to heaviness, uncommitment to commitment, and black nail-neck jumps to loose-lifting, nature-coloured rural wear. This is an art film where 'the State' is a table-full of old, ugly men, and 'liberation' is expressed in a band switching from the Czech original of 'The Carnival is Over' to a jazz-rock jam. And then there's the eroticism!

When I hear people fresh from the film mention eroticism - taking the opportunity to hail (as did Time) its minuscule 'return' to cinema - I reach for my revolver. For this is pure coffee table eroticism, of the kind served up by art cinema continuously for three and a bit decades. (Given any chance, I'm sure the film's characters would gladly get down to it on a coffee table, preferably in front of a mirror, and with bowler hats on.) The film's eroticism is equally a matter of

gestures, signs and poses - indomitably static and glossy. The much acclaimed scene of Sabina and Teresa's photo session, with its fusion of implied lesbianism, and its right-on assertion of a sisterly vibe which the roll-neck prick will never comprehend is a veritable locus classicus of classically liberal art cinema pussy-footing. No energy or heat here - just choreography.

We have also been hearing, ad nauseam, that *Unbearable* is a film about that perennial (very real and serious) chestnut of the personal and the political - how (in this case) love and sex intersect with/reflect/are determined by larger historical forces and social contexts. The most one could truly say is that the film (mainly in George Alexander's memorable phrase) 'tend[er]s the articulation' between the personal and the political, simply issuing a vague wave in the direction of the relevant connections. This, too, is something in which art cinema today (*Blue, Family Viewing, Sammy And Rose Get Lost*) has been trading for three and a bit decades. Gaga reviewers employed to the art house ethos tend to fall straight in line, continuing the relay landing. To do so, they deploy a barrage of smart sounding charmingly paradoxical x-and-y equations: "a film about the inexpressible, unknowable links between love and hate, art and life, rebellion and commitment, the individual and society." To say this much and then stop dead is usually bluff enough.

Kaufman himself may have spoken the first and last word on the matter when he disarmingly stated

that *Unbearable* is not a political film. Yet the fact is that the film itself clearly wants to have it both ways - gesturing towards the political context whilst finally elevating the personal above it to the only thing that really matters. Take the whole section concerning Teresa's adventure as a hot political photographer during the street scenes of the Prague Spring. The sound and fury of real history is there all right (in crowded long and mid shots), but over and above it is the celebration of spunky little Teresa herself (in extreme close-up) seeing daring, daring in and out of it all. Her sexuality as *métier* on screen seems obviously to echo that of Kaufman himself. Look at how artfully he re-stages famous news photos of the event, spectacularly freezing them in black and white at the moment of truth!

Teresa's photos lead to a grave consequence: they are used within the fiction to identify and imprison political dissidents. Yet this is scarcely rendered significant as a political fact only an individual moral trauma for Teresa as she reels and laments. Then she wakes up elsewhere - the film is off on a new track, and those prisoners are but a dramatic memory a tempo *fort* in the low. The political is consistently reduced to a merely spectacular backdrop. This logic is the minor misfire of *Sacred And Aloof*. There, personal exchanges are viewed misanthropically as insignificant, irrelevant fumbblings in the midst of state oppression and street resistance; here, the notion that 'love will find a way' through the mask and chaos of the political is validated and valorised (the ending, in particular, is pure Glee-style middle class escapism). Both versions of the personal/political relation seem to me equally debilitating, conservative and obscene: art cinema in a nutshell.

Adrian Martin

THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEING: directed by Philip Kaufman. Producer Saul Zaentz. Executive producer Barri Osherson. Associate producer Paul Zindel. Screenplay Jean-Claude Cocteau. Philip Kaufman, based on the novel by Milan Kundera. Director of photography Sven Nykvist. Editor Walter Murch. Production designer Pierre Guffroy. Sound Chris Newman. Cost. Daniel Day-Lewis (Thomas), Juliette Binoche (Teresa), Lin On (Sabine). Cast: Lin On (Teresa), Ernest Umphrey (The Ambassador), Pavel Lindovsky (Pavel), Donald Moffat (Chief Sergeant), Daniel Chytrý (Chief Minister), Ministry official. Production company Orion Distributor. Runs 35mm. 171 minutes. USA, 1988.

RED SORGHUM

With his directorial debut, *Red Sorghum*, it looks like Zhang Yimou, who once rode the crest of the Chinese cinema's conciliatory New Wave, has now coasted safely onto the shores of respectability. Zhang, who previously was best known abroad as the cinematographer for *Yellow Earth*, is certainly the Chinese film industry's success story of the year. The year began in September 1987, when the Tokyo film festival judges awarded the prize for Best Actor to the 37-year-old filmmaker for his role in *Chi Wei*, his first-ever appearance on screen. In February, *Red Sorghum* had its international premiere at the Berlin film festival, where it captured the top award, the Golden Bear. And now Zhang is a Golden Boy profiled, written about and praised in state-sanctioned official forums, such as the People's Daily.

Although critics on China's ancient radical fringe attack the film for straying from the straight and narrow path of socialist realism, most members of the cultural establishment seem to like *Red Sorghum* well enough. Perhaps one reason is that it is the first major film by China's younger generation of directors which makes no attempt to be provocative or politically controversial. Zhang Yimou freely acknowledges that, unlike *Yellow Earth* and other films of the Chinese New Wave, *Red Sorghum* contains no 'hidden' messages; there's 'not much', he says, to read between the lines.

What *Red Sorghum* does have is the kind of poor-peasant exotica which seems to titillate the fantasies of ideologically-correct art-house audiences the world over, and enough sex and rowdiness to appeal to the ideologically-unconcerned masses in China itself. It features bangs, bopos, sex, drink, Japanese soldiers, violence, bravery, and a lovely new starlet in the lead role. Like *Yellow Earth*, the story begins with a rural wedding, complete with what once *Yellow Earth* have become all the usual set pieces: stonemason music, scenes of red cloth and an unhappy bride. There is also some noticeable stylistic continuity with *Yellow Earth*, for example the use of direct, close, frontal shots, particularly in scenes involving rituals

of some kind: the actors line up and perform for the camera.

The story of *Red Sorghum*, however, lurches along at an awkward pace: a romance one minute, a bandit tale the next, and, in the end, a propaganda-like tribute to the heroic spirit of the Chinese people. The characters, as in *Yellow Earth*, tend to be ciphers, rather than well-rounded personalities, although in *Red Sorghum* they don't seem to stand for anything at all. The men act like rowdy adolescents, and the women as little more than a male fantasy. A beautiful virgin, she gives herself to a man who has tortured her by chasing her through the fields with a mask over his head - when he lifts the mask and she sees it's a fellow with whom she once exchanged one or two glances of mutual appreciation, she smiles and sinks to the ground, ready for anything. Not long afterwards, the wild young thing turns into the masked man's faithful wife and the mother of his child. When I told Zhang that I found all this a bit distasteful, particularly the egregious elements of rape in the 'seduction', he responded by laughing heartily and expressing surprise. 'I never thought of it that way,' he said. 'We Chinese men really are chauvinists, aren't we?'

According to Zhang, the whole point of the film is to show what Chinese people could be like if they would stop living in their characteristically repressed fashion, if they followed their natural instincts instead of culturally-programmed conservative mores. In *Red Sorghum* he says, 'people love, they hate, they live their lives with zest and passion'. He confesses that, personally, he doesn't dare do the sort of thing himself because 'society doesn't allow it. If you try to live like that in China, you won't live long. They might not kill you physically, but they'd kill you spiritually. But why shouldn't people enjoy their lives?'

Linda Javin

RED SORGHUM: directed by Zhang Yimou. Screenplay Chen Jingu. Zhu Dan. Music Director of photography Gu Changqing. Music Zhao Jing. Art director Wen Jing. Cost. Gang Li (The Bride), Jiang Wen (The Secret Center), Lu Ji (The Chief), Ji Chunhua (The Bandit Chief). Production company: Jian Film Studio. Distributor: Orion. 35mm. 90 minutes. China, 1988.

THE WHALES OF AUGUST

Nothing very much happens in *The Wheels of August*, in the way that nothing very much happens in a Chekhov play. That is the surface of the lives it depicts is disturbed only by the minutiae of everyday living and the deeper currents which threaten crisis are ultimately deflected, leaving the surface nevertheless subtly changed.

In Lindsay Anderson's film, the lives that matter are those of two old sisters, Sarah (Julian Girth), hopeful and romantic, and Libby (Geste Davis), blind and scatterbrained, living out their daily rituals on an island off the coast of Maine. Sarah tends the garden and prepares meals and, in the film's "crisis," wonders if she can go on looking after Libby who "was always a difficult woman at the best of times," according to their cheerful, firtulous neighbour Tola (Ann Sothern). The crisis passes when Libby gives in to Sarah's yearning for a picture window, a gesture to the future, and two grained hands reach out to each other across the screen in the superlative last segment of the film, the two old ladies walk slowly down to the point, wondering if the whales have all gone. "You can never tell," is Libby's quietly life-affirmative answer.

If this sounds like sentimentality that is my fault. Sweetness and strength, not sentimentality, are the film's hallmarks. Anderson, the director of *X* and *O Lucky Star*, is not interested in a variation of *On Golden Pond*. He offers old age without quivers or quaintness, and without compromise in the sense that there are no young people to offer obvious contrast and no attempt to smarten up the film's pace, which is unhurried but never slow. The pace is mimetic of the lives represented, and pause and stillness are as uneventful as movement.

The time control of *mise-en-scène* is mastery, whether of the warm, beautifully lit, paneled interiors or of the serenely lovely exteriors. In the former the camera moves with unvarying fluency to rest upon the relics of a lifetime, in the latter the moonlight shimmers on and shadows drift across the waters of the bay in ways that are almost with drama rather than mere picturesque. The ease is

again and again struck by the sheer beauty of the compositions, but it is a beauty that tells us about the lives lived in this place, not just the result of formal virtuosity.

Ann Sothern, Vincent Price as a Russian emigre of romantic if doubtful provenance, and Ford alumnus, Harry Carey Jr., as a local handyman, provide the most engaging support to the two incomparable performances at the film's core.

From Lilian Gish and Bette Davis Anderson has wrought performances which miraculously and aptly seem to sum up their whole careers. The fact of their belonging to two different acting generations and traditions - one the greatest silent screen actors the other arguably the greatest actress star - is made to work in the film's favour, as are their on- (and off-) screen personas. The endurance and purity one associates with Gish, the tenacity and obstinateness of Davis, are at the service of roles which draw on both and which extend them in ways that are beautiful to watch. Gish is celebration by candlelight, with a glass of port and one of the anniversary of her

wedding to her long-dead husband, and Davis's stroking her face with the lock of hair and strand of hair of her late husband are so moving as anything either has ever done.

It is not often the cinema offers audiences in their rightless full-length roles, let alone roles which do them so much honour. Neither has had such an opportunity in nearly 40 years and they rise magnificently to the occasion. Anyone interested in the cinema's acting traditions will want to see *The Whales of August*, so will anyone interested in seeing the spectacle of life subtly transformed via the still of drama.

Abstract: *Mytilus* spp. are important components of the rocky intertidal community. They are also important in the food web of the rocky intertidal community. The purpose of this study was to determine the effect of the removal of *Mytilus* spp. on the rocky intertidal community. The study was conducted in the rocky intertidal community of the Pacific Northwest. The study was conducted in the rocky intertidal community of the Pacific Northwest. The study was conducted in the rocky intertidal community of the Pacific Northwest.

THE WHALER OF AUGUST: directed by Lindsay Anderson. Producers: Carolyn Pfeiffer, Mike Kaplan. Executive producer: Ship Gordon. Screenplay: David Barry from his play. Director of photography: Mike Nash. Editor: Nicolas Gaster. Sound: Ernest Sweeney. Cast: Bette Davis, Lubby Mering, Lilli Hay, Sarah Wabbert. Vincent Price (Mr. Mowbray), Ann Southern (Tasha Deagery), Harry Gant Jr. (Jesus Brack), Frank Gensert (Mr. Beckwith). Production company: Alive Film. Distributor: MGM. When did you see it? 1964, 1987.



THE WHALES OF AUGUST Lillian Gish and Mary Pickford



Judy Mooltosh (**JENNY**) and Ross Givens (**GREG**) in *Ngati*

NGATI

"During the early invasions," writes Barry Barclay, director of *Ngati*, "there was the musket. And that musket was in the hands of others. Today there is a new musket - the camera. And worldwide, the new musket is controlled by the majority invader culture." *Ngati* is the first feature film to have been written, directed and co-produced by Maoris—in fact, it's the first such film by an island group.

There are only three million people in New Zealand and recent estimates put the Maori population at around 10 per cent. It was with some difficulty, then, that Barclay put together not only a predominantly Maori cast, but a technical crew which was not predominantly Pakeha (white). There wasn't a single Maori film editor or camera operator to be found, and the only two sound people who were Maori were tied up in television. In the end, Barclay ran a short course for unemployed Maoris in Hawke's Bay and trained his own technicians.

It seems like a lot of trouble to go to; it begins to look like a kind of dogmatism, but the backdrop for this film is overtly political, even if the film itself is not.

Ngati, which means "tribe" in Maori, is set in a little East Coast town after the return of the Maori Battalion, about 1948. It's a prodigal son story which takes place during the period of greatest change in Maori lifestyle perhaps, since the introduction of the

musket. Maori migration, the rising changes in technology, centralisation of industries—in short, modernisation in all its glory—hits the town of Kapua and the conflicts which emerge are not only between Pakeha and Maori, but between Maori of one generation and Maori of another.

There are several subplots to the story. The first concerns the arrival of Greg Shaw (Ross Givens) who was born in Kapua and raised in Australia. His father has sent him back for reasons which are not entirely clear to him, although they are no mystery to anyone else in town. Greg's subsequent discovery of his roots and the radical shift in values it precipitates are, while central to the film, among its least convincing aspects.

He arrives as an impatient, bigoted "typical Aussie loudmouth" with attitudes as inappropriate as his suit and tie. Among his first and most memorable comments is a line about how the "Abos" back in Australia are "thick as lamp-posts." But by the time he gets on the bus to leave again he is proclaiming, somewhat piously, "I thought I was sent here to teach the natives something about the outside world. I've been a bit stuck up. I was the pup!"

It's all a bit too gee-gosh simple. But from an abstract point of view the "Maorisation" of the Pakeha—a different kind of assimilation—is an interesting solution to the problem of racial relations.

The other strands of the main narrative—which bear similarly on the

issue of cultural clash—are more solid. One concerns a little boy who is dying of leukaemia and the question of whether he should be treated traditionally with prayer or dosed with Pakeha medicine in the form of pills. Another has to do with the closure of the local freezing works, which the white masters say they can no longer afford to run, but which Kapua cannot afford to lose.

Wi Koko Raa (who played Te Wheke's brother in *Utu*) puts in a memorable performance as Iwi, father of the dying boy and saviour in the economic crisis. He, like Greg, goes through a softening in the course of the film. We encounter him first as a staunch conservative, whose distrust of the doctor's diagnosis is exceeded only by his distrust of the station manager's word.

Among his biggest problems, however, is his daughter Sally (Connie Peechering) who has moved back to the city with a head full of modern notions and a marked disrespect for the old ways. From Iwi's point of view, Sally represents all that is going wrong with the world; from Sally's perspective, Iwi manifests the kind of narrow-mindedness and superstition that is keeping the Maoris out of the stream of progress. There is no meeting place for those two on the futile battleground of the boy's incurable sickness. But when it comes to Kapua's economic self-determination—Iwi's willingness to work with the Pakeha, Sally's commitment to stay with her people—there is room for reconciliation.

COLORS

*There's these two bulls sitting on a grassy knoll overlooking a herd of Jasepys, and one bull says to the other 'Hey Pop, why don't we run down and fuck one of those cows?' But the papa bull says 'No son, let's walk down and fuck 'em all' - Hodges to McGavin. **Colors***

There's a precariously shaky but indivisible connection in *Colors* between sex and police work and professionalism. And it reaches out to the extent that even the very possibility of making a color or busting street gangs is almost synonymous with sex. The bull story is one example of many - and one which points out two divergent attitudes toward dealing with the LA streetgangs, the Crips and the Bloods. The young bull obviously stands for Danny McGavin (Sean Penn), the bruised new hotshot of the special LAPD CRASH unit who, with his jumped-up ass, has a lesson to learn; the papa bull is the older and wiser Bob Hodges (Robert Duvall) who wants to 'fuck 'em all'.

But in all of this *Colors* appears to be looking for more. It tends to bring together two distinct practices - not only in the sense of one as metaphor for the other, but as something beyond metaphor because indivisible. As another example, it's not by chance that in one extraordinary sequence involving a drug bust, the sequence opens with McGavin checking on his looks in the rearview mirror of the police car, and culminates with his point-of-view shot of a naked woman as she is led away handcuffed. In this sense police work isn't dirty like sex, it is sex. So where things appear clearly demarcated, as with the Crips and the Bloods, or the difference between police procedure as repudiated by Hodges and McGavin, there is also a lot which comes across in a kind of blur.

One hopes that the reason for this 'blur' is that there's more to *Colors* than a well-worn police story. But one isn't quite certain what this 'more' might be all about, or where to pin it down exactly. The bull story, for instance, brings *Colors* full circle when, after Hodges's death in the final stage of the film, McGavin, with his lesson learnt, sees the need to retell the story to his new partner,



COLORS Seen uncharacteristically from above

another recruit with a hot-shot mentality. But this leaves one with neither a sense of finality nor one of change - only an endless return of the same.

It is as though the more the film attempts to isolate matters the more it tends to blend them. The first indication of this comes with the police chief's speech to the special CRASH unit at the beginning of the film. 'They fly their colours, we'll fly ours,' he says, referring to the wearing of uniform - implying, however, that organically they are one, as in the relation of the parts to the whole. This is made clearer later in the film when McGavin's unconscious treatment of a pusher and his questioning of Hodges's allegiance - 'You better decide which side you're on' - is met with the countercharge, 'The world's, and I'm in it, and what you're doing in it I don't like'.

Yet the same can be said the other way around. The more the film tends to blend things (essentially through the figure of Hodges and the attempt to circumvent the escalation of violence) the more it pulls them apart. For there is another sense in which *Colors* comes full circle. The opening credit sequence features a spray can effect which fills the screen with red and over the top appears the title, *Colors*. Held for a few split seconds the red begins to emerge slowly and effectively from beneath the title - and it doesn't just sit, it starts to drip like blood. Put this in a frame with Hodges's death and you discover a similar effect or pattern alongside the spray can. When Hodges is shot in the chest and McGavin rips open Hodges's blue police shirt - his colours apparent - what is revealed is a single red dot against an all white T-shirt. Indeed, almost the whole scene is completely bathed in white - the bright white light

of the police helicopter and Hodges's T-shirt - except for the little dot of blood that markedly sits there. But as the scene continues with Hodges in the throes of death, that little dot of blood also slowly and effectively grows and then starts to drip down his side.

What marks this circle, however, is that where (in the previously mentioned scene) there is a return of the same, this time there is a defined sense of finality - and, once again the (invisible) sexual element of *Colors*, though not immediately apparent, plays its part. Hodges's death not only brings us back to the title sequence, but shoots us back to the scene of the police chief's speech to members of the CRASH unit, for when the police chief delivers the line, 'There's blood flowing in the streets and we're here to stop up the flow,' McGavin's mocking comment is, 'We sound like a box of Tampax.' A comment which literally (re)produces itself with Hodges's blood flowing from the white T-shirt.

Colors, then, is really all one colour: it's red and it's the colour of blood. But, accordingly, death is not necessarily where contrary relations resolve themselves; it's also where they begin - lines of demarcation are redrawn. All one would have to think of is the same smile that emerges on Frog's face as Hodges lies dying. Frog, a gang member who had established a trusting relationship with Hodges.

Paradoxically, things are not what they appear to be, and yet they very much are what they are. I think where *Colors* can be best summed up perhaps lies with the figure of Luce (Mara Cordita Alonso), the sweet Chicana homie McGavin makes love to. In a scene where McGavin staggers off in disbelief after discovering she is selling her sex to the homeboys, she stands firm and calls out after him, 'This is me too, McGavin'.

Raffaella Caputo

COLORS: directed by Dennis Hopper. Producer Robert H. Sisk. Screenplay Michael Sclifer. Director of photography Haskell Wexler. Editor Robert Ebbin. Production designer Rex Fawcett. Music Herbie Hancock. Cast: Sean Penn (Danny McGavin), Robert Duvall (Bob Hodges), Mara Cordita Alonso (Luce Gomez), Randy Brooks (Ray Delaney), Gerald Bush (Larry Jaykowitz), Don Chandler (Rocky), Garry Wells (Bird), Glenn Plummer (High Top). Production company Once. Distributor Village Roadshow. 35mm. 120 minutes. USA. 1991.

THE TALE OF RUBY ROSE

At around the time when, according to *The Tale Of Ruby Rose*, Ruby was meeting and marrying Henry (the first Australian feature film to explore the beauty of the rugged Tasmanian highlands was being produced - Louise Lovely's *Jewelled Nights* [1925])

This was a romantic melodrama of a society heiress who ran away from a forced marriage. It was directed by its star, an Australian actress newly returned from success in Hollywood determined to use her experience as the basis for a career in Australian film production. For the role, Miss Lovely's golden curls were bed savinly back and hidden so she could pass as male in the all-male world of the caribbean miners. In a typically romantic resolution, her disguise (which never fooled the audience for a moment) was eventually penetrated by the man with whom she had fallen in love: he then rescued her from that environment and restored her to her

skins of trapped possums and waitables. Gem has difficulty coming to terms with Henry's pragmatic philosophy that "things grow and you kill them". Ruby copes well with such realities, but struggles with other demons. The isolation and the privation of living under such extremes of climate and terrain are captured by a spectacular visual style (director of photography Steve Mason), which has been critically acclaimed both within Australia and abroad.

In this primitive environment the naive and barely-literate Ruby has only myth and incantation to protect her against her greatest fear - the dark. The film takes up her story in 1902, at a point where her defences have become inadequate, and traces her journey back to the village of her origins, in a search for the knowledge that will free her from fear.

In Ruby's experience, men have always controlled access to knowledge - and have not necessarily shared it. Henry did earlier teach her to read, but her father withheld knowledge of her mother and grandmother, and even Henry is now withholding information about his

Ruby teaches Gem, but, more significantly, her physical journey takes her to the grandmother she has never met and the knowledge that has been withheld from her. The scene where the two women share a bath symbolises Ruby's spiritual rebirth giving her strength to accept the past and to return home without fear.

As Ruby, Melita Jurand's beauty is covered under layers of dirt and home-spun garments - a disguise no more effective than that of Louise Lovely 40 years earlier. The cliché of beauty transcending its surroundings may account for the accusations of sentimentality which have surfaced in some reviews. Other reviewers have reacted positively to the emotional impact of the film. It won four critics prizes at the 1987 Venice Film Festival (including best actress for Melita Jurand), and in the 1987 AFI Awards it was nominated for Best Film and Best Director and won Best Original Music.

Ideologically, *The Tale Of Ruby Rose* and *Jewelled Nights* may be very different, but they are uncomfortably alike in the response they have elicited from major distributors. Louise Lovely hawked her film around before finding a reluctant distributor, lost money on it and retired from production embittered by the experience. Initially, the producers of *Ruby Rose* were even less successful, as no major distributor was prepared to accept the challenge of marketing it. So they toured Tasmania with the film, and saw it released at the State Film Theatre, Melbourne and at the Chateau Cinema, Sydney. The large and appreciative audiences which the film has attracted wherever it has been shown will hopefully make the distributors regret their shortsightedness, and encourage Roger Scholes to continue making films that please audiences.

Ina Bertrand and Jan Chandler



THE TALE OF RUBY ROSE Gem Haywood and Melita Jurand

nightfall place in society as his wife (and potentially the mother of his children).

Ruby Rose's life in the wilderness is not nearly so simple nor her problems so easily resolved. She and her husband Henry live with their adopted son Gem in a slab hut under the walls of Jerusalem, insulated from all but occasional contact with the outside world. Despite the grandeur of their surroundings, they eke out a subsistence livelihood by selling the

plans for the farm, which prevents him from using precious planks to make his toilet with a seat which she craves. She cannot depend on men to save her. Henry is merely irritated by her waste of flour in attempts to exorcise the demons. So she saves herself. She chooses to undertake her journey, the peril of several dark nights in the open now outweighed by her desperate need.

In contrast to the men, women share what knowledge they have.

THE TALE OF RUBY ROSE directed by Roger Scholes. Producers: Bryce Menzies and Andrew Wiseman. Executive producer: Bruce Puzos. Associate producer: Ian Riegler. Screenplay: Roger Scholes. Director of photography: Steve Mason. Production designer: Bryce Fern. Sound: Bob Gutter. Music: Paul Schatz. Cast: Melita Jurand (Ruby Rose), Gem Haywood (Henry Rose), Reid Jurand (Gem), Isobel Sanderson (Berrett), Rheta Florence (Grandma). Production company: State Film/Antares. In Cinema and FGH Distributor: Scan Films. 35mm 101 minutes. Australia, 1987.

STEVE JODRELL AFTER SHAME

Steve Jodrell, director of *Shame*, talks to BRON SIBREE about the film, his plans for the future, and why he thinks theatre directors make good film directors.

Steve Jodrell, actor/director of both stage and screen, is superstitious about speaking of film projects until they are finished. Not superstitious in a darkly medieval sense, he explains; it's just that he thinks people tend to "speak off a little too much, too early".

Jodrell admits to more than a passing ambition to write his own projects and then call in the "big man", the "professional", to help craft and shape the adum. But he does not like to be called a writer, although he has done his fair share.

A director remains a director, and cannot always choose his own projects, maintains Jodrell, who would like to initiate his own films, rather than wait for projects to come his way. "It's just that it's important to be in charge of one's own creative destiny," he says. He quotes the dictum, "If you can achieve 60 per cent of your vision, then you should be happy with what you do," adding with disarming candour, "I land of lower between the 30s, 40s and 50s".

Two years ago, when he felt there was nothing available which interested him, he declared, "I will not touch another project unless it's something I'm proud to be associated with. To make a film takes between six and 18 months of your life, and it takes so much emotional energy - you have to be happy with the project. *Shame* is a film I am proud of," he says, emphatically but carefully.

Remote rural Western Australia is the setting for *Shame*. A young, self-possessed city barrister, Asta Cudell (Deborah Lee Furness) rides into the small town of Cobarvale, and is forced to stay for a short time, waiting for parts for her damaged motorcycle. She discovers the secret which the town does not want revealed: rape is occurring, and no one is prepared to press charges. Asta is provoked, and her sympathy aroused, by the plight of 18-year-old Luanne Cromeo (Bachman).

Talking about the reasons that drew him to the film, Jodrell says, with deliberation: "I'm very, very anti-institution. I'm against any institutionalised activity which tends to diminish personal responsibility - anything at all that favours a group ethic and negates individuality. My first film, *The Devils Party*, was, I hope, trying to investigate what happens to a group of Australian men when they are put together - why do they act like that?"

"Without trying to be pretentious about the issue, because I know a lot of backup parties are nothing these days - why do normal people with good strong hearts act like animals when they are with a group of men? I suppose when it came to *Shame*, there was a reflection of that - why do people subscribe to community attitudes about rape? Why should the person who is raped immediately be treated with suspicion?"

His preoccupation with themes of individuality remains, and he still adheres to the philosophy of holding out for just the right project. At this stage, he says, he is working on three for Harmon Films.

"Ever since I did *Shame* I've been fascinated by bikes, by the power and sensuality seen in bikes." One film is about a man who enters formula bike racing. Tentatively titled *Flack Off The West*, it is only in the early stages, he insists, and is not so much a bike film as an adventure and a romance. He also admits to a burning passion to direct comedy, and there is one on the pipeline, although he will say little more than that.

But the project in the most advanced stages of development is a thriller called *Father*, written by Tony Cavanaugh and Graham Bell. A New South Wales family is shattered when a woman comes into their lives and accuses the elderly father of being a Nazi war criminal.

"It's not so much about Nazi war crimes," Jodrell stresses. "It's to do with a person who may have done something in his past, and whether that person should be accountable for the rest of his life." The other issue that the film deals with, he says, is the one with which a person's reputation can be tarnished without proof.

Most scripts suffer, he says, "because they never get turned over to the director to be heard and re-heard. That collaborative process is essential. I really believe in working

very closely with the writer long before the film goes into pre-production."

It is a great belief, in writers. I think scriptwriters are highly underutilised in Australia and America. *Shame* is a good film because it is an excellent script.

Jodrell returns a commitment to theatre, a background he believes is helpful to a director working

(as an actor) with John

Duggan on the Kennedy Miller

production, *Fragments Of War*, confirmed

this for him. The majority of directors, he says, come from a cinematographic background and lack the close experience of handling actors which the theatre gives. Duggan has that close control because of his background in theatre.

Once described as "fervently parochial", Jodrell does not share the view that the Western state will become a filmmaker's paradise. He believes that the local industry has survived in spite of itself. But because of that there is a touchless attitude filmmakers have there that I find really delightful, and a youthful enthusiasm and love of the industry that I don't find a lot on the East coast.

Despite all advice and inducements to leave Perth, Jodrell has chosen to stay. "I would hate to be cast in heroic terms," he says. "Basically I think I was too scared to leave. Anyway now I think it's become an ungodly thing. Wouldn't it be lovely if the East just came to the West for once?"

Steve Jodrell



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SHAME

BY MICHAEL BRINDLEY
AND
BEVERLY BLANKENSHIP

SYNOPSIS

When her motorcycle is damaged in an almost silly road accident - avoiding a sheep - traveller ASTA CADELL finds herself stuck in a small and isolated country town. The place is pretty normal, although there isn't a lot of work around, except at the local Moteworks... But ASTA also finds a town where groups of young men terrorise the streets at night - terrorists and worse. The CURTIS family, owners of a small garage where ASTA repairs her motorcycle, have been affected: daughter LIZZIE was raped the night before ASTA's arrival. Well, that's tough, that's sad - but ASTA's position seems to be to mind her own business, get the bike fixed and move on... ASTA gradually, however, becomes aware of a conspiracy of silence in the town.

It seems a sort of gang rape is a regular thing, but the women's "shame", the penalties, "legal" and illegal, voted out to those who complain, ensure the safety, even the popularity, of the young men. Meanwhile, a particular group, led by a good-looking bloke, DANNY, finds ASTA, the attractive, lone stranger, an interesting challenge - until they are rebuffed and their interest turns to hate. ASTA, it emerges, is a disillusioned terrorist, "burnt-out" and cynical about the Law. What she sees in the town only confirms her cynicism. But ASTA is a fighter - she can't help herself. A real sense of justice and a very short-fuse temper drive her to, she sees some townspeople's unsuccessful attempts to stand up for themselves, she is forced to defend herself.

WAL CUDDY, the local police sergeant, is at first amused, then made anxious by ASTA. And then, despite her disinterested stance, the plight of LIZZIE CURTIS and a plea from LIZZIE's grandmother, NORMA, hold ASTA one more day, even though the motorcycle is fixed and the way out is clear... LIZZIE is fascinated by ASTA, by her self-possession, her sophistication and her courage. ASTA offers no advice, but LIZZIE watches as ASTA stands up for herself and in the face of town gossip and her father TIM's real fears, LIZZIE decides to lay charges.

The boys are created, but not quickly cut on dead. One of the boys is ANDREW RODOLPH, the son of the woman who almost costs the town, the woman who tries to buy LIZZIE off - and fails. Now, a perverse and frightening solidarity has been bred amongst the men of the town. TIM is attacked in the local pub. Threats are made. Women of the town, particularly old NORMA's friends and TIM's girlfriend TINA, watch developments with a heightening anxiety as a long, hot Sunday afternoon moves into the wilds of fat-wednesday... ASTA takes out an injunction against the boys, but she knows that may be a futile gesture. Something about ASTA's steel frightens the boys - especially when she tells them calmly that this time they're going to get it. ASTA and LIZZIE have become a threat, the enemy and the scapegoats of male resentment. Other girls, knowing what LIZZIE is doing, find the nerve to open the boys' By pub closing time,

fuelled by a lot of beer, frustration and hate, a drunken mob, led by the very boys LIZZIE charged, is attacking the CURTIS home and garage.

ASTA and LIZZIE manage to break out on ASTA's motorcycle and make it to the Police Station. LIZZIE is left there, to bring the police, while ASTA goes back to help TIM and NORMA. Back at the CURTIS place, the attackers have fled, taking NORMA and the tow truck with them. TIM has been beaten almost senseless. ASTA and TINA take off at once to search for NORMA - and an answering flood of anger has grown amongst the women. The word spreads. There are search parties out ahead of the police. Meanwhile, the Police Station is empty and LIZZIE ventures out onto the street, only to be goaded by DANNY and ANDREW and driven off into the night. Down by the river, CUDDY arrives on the scene as ASTA, TINA and the enraged townspeople descend on the other boys who've been about to hurt old NORMA. And where is LIZZIE? The police don't know...

It's nearly dawn when DANNY and ANDREW, claiming ignorance and innocence, are driven up to the Police Station. With a huge crowd of townspeople looking on, ASTA loses control and

beats the truth out of DANNY. She is the first to find LIZZIE, dead. The town turns out to gawk at the tragedy. NORMA accuses the town, but CUDDY accuses ASTA. Is she satisfied now? A large group of women stands with ASTA and TINA speaks for them. No, they're not satisfied - not by a long way...

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THE FILM

ASTA CADELL - about 30, a criminal lawyer, an idealist
LIZZIE CURTIS - 16, sweet, full of life, a factory worker
TIM CURTIS - LIZZIE's father, runs a petrol station
NORMA CURTIS - about 68, TIM's mother, LIZZIE's grandmother, a factory worker

TINA PARKER - about 35, factory worker
SERGEANT WAL CUDDY - about 50, the top policeman in the town

CONSTABLE GAVIN - about 35, CUDDY's assistant
DANNY FISKE - about 25

ANDREW RODOLPH - about 21, University student
MRS RODOLPH - ANDREW's mother, about 45, town's leading citizen, owns the local Moteworks
WAYNE MORGAN, ROBERT LAWRENCE, BRUCE SULLIVAN, BRIAN and LITTLE STEVE HEMMINGWAY - all members of DANNY FISKE's bunch

DULCIE, RITA, BERYL, SHIRL, PATTI, RAY, EILEEN and OTHERS - factory workers

SCISS - a "raz" shooter, about 35, married to FINNY SCISS - factory worker

GARRY - TIM CURTIS' mechanic

MATRON - 45-50, from the local hospital

VARIOUS TOWNSPEOPLE - LORNA, SUZIE, MELINA, BETTY THE BARMAID

DAVE (LORNA'S BROTHER), MR FISKE, MR and MRS HEMMINGWAY, MR MORGAN, MR and MRS SULLIVAN



Debra Lee Furness

1. EXT. OPEN ROAD. DAY

A black leather-clad figure on a big motorcycle appears, a dot in the distance of the open road. The figure draws closer. The big engine purrs as the wild, open countryside. The motorcycle runs past us. The rider is ASTA CADELL, but for the moment she is anonymous inside the bike helmet.

TITLES

2A. EXT. ROAD FROM GINBORAB/THE TOWN. DAY/DUSK.

The sun is low in the sky. We see the whole township of Ginborab sitting below. On the road to the town, an ant-like figure is accelerating towards it.

2B. EXT. GINBORAB MAIN STREET. DAY. LATE AFTERNOON
TITLES CONTINUE OVER:

The wide, flat main street of Ginborab stretches away from us - a man at the mill, slightly ramshackle country town main street, a pub, a post office, a couple of banks, the shops, hot-bones of their shady awnings against the sun. The Police Station, the Milk bar, cottages and sheds, all a little dusty and sun-blanched, and the blur and the message of the mid-afternoon heat shimmering along the buildings.

As the pub, a FEW DRINKERS idly watch as ASTA cruises past.

A couple of cars driven by WOMEN (MELATHOORNS) drive to a stop outside the supermarket. DRINKERS move toward the WOMEN and are seen to risk them for money - a transaction performed with bad grace on both sides.

Further down the street, a number of ANOMINALS lounge in the shade of the Milk bar's awning.

The town appears to be not much more than a strip, built either side of the main road.

A couple of dogs snooze in the afternoon sun.

3. EXT. CURTIS PLACE. PETROL PUMPS. DAY/DUSK.

Low angle midshot behind ASTA, as she stands by her bike watching LIZZIE, a pretty girl of about 16, filling ASTA's petrol tank. LIZZIE is being very careful as she's obviously dressed to go out - nice frilly dress, high heeled shoes, some makeup and her hair done. Beyond LIZZIE and ASTA but only glimpsed - the slightly ramshackle Curtis place. As the camera tracks in tighter.

LIZZIE

Where's the rest of you?

ASTA

Min?

LIZZIE

Rest of The Pork.

ASTA

Theresa-only me. Sorry.

LIZZIE

(MOCK SYMPATHY) Oh well... never mind.

ASTA

Look, I can do this if you're worried about your clothes.

LIZZIE

(STAGNY) Oh, these old things... It's what all the petrol pump girls are wearing this year.

ASTA

(LAUGHING) Oh, yeah?

ASTA gets the air pump and begins to check her open passenger air.

LIZZIE

Oh yeah. No - I'm off to a dance down the club in a minute. Nothing special, just thought I'd dress up a bit, you know?

ASTA

Oh huh.

At the same time, a dusty yellow sports car is pulling in off the road. The driver is ANDREW. He waves at LIZZIE.

The camera is panning back and up us.

LIZZIE

TO THE CAR: Hey! (TURNING TOWARDS THE HOUSE)

Good? Gains...

ANDREW

Come on Lizzie!

LIZZIE's grandmother, NORMA, an older lady in an apron, comes out of the house and across to the pump. LIZZIE gives her a wave and half runs across to the car.

LIZZIE

See ya.

NORMA gets to the pump. Her internal divided between her grumble about driving off and the customer, ASTA. NORMA peers at the dial at the pump.

NORMA

(AFTER LIZZIE) Don't be too late, darlin'

(TO ASTA) There's 50-50. You got that?

ASTA

SLIGHTLY SURPRISED: Yes.

The camera up close, as we see ASTA by the pump getting out her money, NORMA, watching the sports car drive off down the road.

SCENES 4-6A. DELETED

3. EXT. ROAD WITH BLIND CURVE. NIGHT.

The back of a road taken as seen from ASTA's POV as she catches up to it. The track is weaving somewhat and throwing up a lot of dust on the unsealed road. The track curves large undulating banks. We can hardly make out the words "KANGA DINNER - PET FOOD" and "ROCKOLPH MEATWORKS".

ASTA catches down a gear and goes wide, getting past the back of the weaving track in seconds. Now she's ahead of the track, leaving it behind. She approaches a blind curve. Again the motion down a gear to take the curve. She comes round the curve. There's a sheep standing right in the centre of the road.

ASTA brakes sharply, skids, avoids the sheep and keeps going, straight all the curve. The big truck comes over the rock shoves gravel, with ASTA lighting to stop it and keep it upright. The bike goes over on its side and slides to a stop, the engine stalling. At the same moment the sheep slides off the road and the track rocks round the curve and disappears off into the night.

ASTA looks after it, her curses and expression of fury hidden by her helmet. She stands a moment getting her breath, then looks the bike upright. She gets inside it. She presses the start button - and the bike leaps forward and starts again. It's jammed in gear. ASTA curses, squirms at the clutch lever and kicks awfully at the gear lever. There's a screeching crunch and the gear lever bends. ASTA gets off with another curse and pushes the bike over. She looks at it then there.

ASTA, a small figure beside her damaged bike in the moonlight of the wide, indifferent plain.

4. INT. ROCKOLPH MEATWORKS. DAY

The machinery of the factory clanks and roars. There are conveyor belts bearing the carcasses of kangaroos - skinned and unskinned - trotters, huge ribs, boring tables. Kangaroos are being skinned, bowed and butchered.

5. EXT. ROCKOLPH MEATWORKS. DAY

A number of unadorned corrugated iron buildings surrounded by a cyclone wire fence. Over the gate a sign reads "ROCKOLPH MEAT PROCESSORS PTY LTD. A Foxton's Yacart based in blank. No variations.

It's a still and hot afternoon. A party of MEN, the husbands or boyfriends or fathers of the women on overalls, hang about near the gates - some on foot, some leaning against the fence or against vehicles or squatting in the dirt, talking, looking at newspapers or just staring into space. Some of them put out at their vehicles. One has a car radio on and the plaintive strains of an oldie Country Western belled with on the hot, still air. Most smoke, a few drink beer and throw the cans into the weeds.



Now the camera's craning up as the WOMEN start to come out of the factory. Some move to their MEN, others have their own vehicles, such as DULCIE, who climbs into a battered van, and BETA, and BOY who have climbed into BETA's car. SHERL and PATTI move through the gate, SHERL moving slowly with her hands on swollen thighs. TINA and NORMA come by together. NORMA is not yet, but no longer crying. SHERL catches TINA's eye and gives her a sad smile which TINA acknowledges.

FENNY BORN walks through the WOMEN's door. Some glance at her, but no one speaks to her. MEN look with a sort of hard curiosity at FENNY. She keeps her eyes down and her chin is trembling. But she keeps going, setting off alone along the dusty path. TINA and NORMA watch this, then move on. NORMA comes under her breath. Then as DULCIE's car moves past them. TINA does a policy hitch under a gesture and DULCIE, with MONTROSEOKOK, if already in the cabin pulls up.

As TINA and NORMA clamber into the back of the van, the white Mercedes, a sunglasses MEN RICHARD, at the wheel, comes through the gate looking peremptorily then moves off at speed, raising a cloud of dust.

Then WOMEN and MEN stop back, eyes squinting against the dust. A MAN makes a desultory two-finger gesture at the back of the car.

The Mercedes rumbles along the gravel road into town. Up ahead, ASTA's damaged car, powered on first gear, lurches along. The white car's message with its slow-moving bike and constant on.

ASTA, wearing her engine, the car's dust swirling round her.

A sign reads: GINORAK. Page 2150? Someone has scribbled on it with: "And smoking too."

A EXT GINORAK, DAY/AFTERNOON

A high-angle shot that reveals the busy aspect of the place and bike hanging across the bridge and onto the main street.

B EXT HOTEL, MAIN STREET, SHOP'S DAY/AFTERNOON

Towards the end of the main drag is the pub. Across the road there is a row of old shops, some older. ASKORIGALS is the shade of the streets.

The DRINKERS, mostly all male, look as though they've been there all day. Most of them have. Waiting for a drink, waiting for anything.

But now the attention of some of the DRINKERS is caught by some movement along the main street: a motorcycle, its RIDER moving at such a pace down the main street toward them.

The motorcycle comes to a stop outside the pub. Its engine stalls. Another machine diagnoses the bike's problems. The bike goes onto its side stand. The DRINKERS watch idly. ASTA stretches stiffly. The black helmet is pulled off. And now the whole crowd looks.

Long hair falls down ASTA's back. Delivered to the storm of the drinkers, she looks too dirty and grumpy now.

ASTA gets off the bike and looks around at the crowd of DRINKERS. She smiles in a general, friendly sort of way.

Among the crowd are DANNY and his boys WAYNE, ROBBY, and LITTLE STEVE, one of the town's "bikes." BRIAN. But for now, they are all just there in the crowd, which parts a little as ASTA goes up onto the raised footpath and through to the main entrance of the pub.

From places at the raised corner "well, whaddya make?" sort of murmurs. "Some younger ones move for a closer look at the bike as we call it."

IS INT PUBLIC BAR AFTERNOON/DAY

ASTA stands at the bar. With a sort of halfheartedness, BETTY the barmaid puts a tall lemon squash in front of ASTA. ASTA thanks her with a smile and drinks it off in one hit.

There are murmurs from the crowd. Some of the more openly curious MEN - such as WAYNE and ROBBY - have come in from outside to see what happens. But comments come out of a silence: a woman being at the bar is a rare thing.

ASTA puts the glass down, looks at BETTY. Then:

ASTA

Does anyone have beer?

BETTY

What - to stay?

ASTA

Yes - probably just for the one night.

MAN IN CROWD CRY

You can sleep at my place, how - any time...

ASTA ignores this and other interjections, but good-humouredly.

BETTY

OVERLAPPING: Does anyone else want to stay here...

And now, unseen by ASTA, SERGEANT CLEDDY has entered and is moving through the crowd to the bar.

ANOTHER MAN IN THE CROWD CRY

I got a spare bed, sweetheart! -

CLEDDY gives a pointed look at the MEN, as if to say: "View this as a young lady you block, so mind your language."

ASTA turns to look up at CLEDDY as:

CLEDDY

Righto, Sir. (To ASTA) Having a bit of trouble, are you dear?

ASTA seems to bristle at his well-meant but patronising, fatherly tone. She smiles, but the smile is tight - and dangerous.

B EXT HOTEL FRONT VERANDASTREET AFTERNOON/DAY

ASTA proceeds CLEDDY out of the Public Bar's doors - but not by much. In a night with less, a "protective" and fatherly arm lightly round her shoulder.

And as they emerge, CLEDDY moves in to her:

CLEDDY

... you wouldn't want to stay at a rough joint like this... (ASTA LOOKS AT HIM, OFF) No - it's all no place but a... ah...

ASTA

No place for a lady.

CLEDDY

Er? Yeah. That's right. Now. Probably Tim Curtil is the man to see for your bike. Straight down here - you take a left, then a right and you - ah...

ASTA

Can't men?

There are plenty of MEN - including DANNY and his BOYS - loitering at. Most of them are rather enjoying ASTA's replies.

CLEDDY's face loses its kindly smile.

CLEDDY

That's right.

ASTA nods "Thanks" and goes down to her bike, puts on her helmet. The MEN and BOYS see the verandah and steps.

With difficulty she gets the kick engine started. As:

BRIAN

Need a push, darling?

ASTA

No, thank you.

BRIAN

Delist men with the bike.

Laughter. ASTA looks back at the lot of grinning faces - and CLEDDY's is one of them.

The engine, powered on, goes starts - and with a push ASTA takes off immediately in a less than dignified departure, followed by yell, whistles and applause.

IS EXT CURTIS PLACE AFTERNOON/DAY

But it's quiet all in the back street in which the main-door service station which is "Curtil's Motors". Beyond the unshaded petrol pumps, there's a corrugated one shed, strongly built, but no just proofing. Very close to a policy, single-storey cottage.

B INT CURTIS PLACE: THE WORKSHOP AFTERNOON/DAY

ASTA stands by her machine, her eyes still adjusting to the gloom of the interior. There's room for three or four cars, but the steel frame walls and floor are crowded, if tidy.

By a workbench, TIM CURTIS's mechanic, GARRY is hanging tools onto the disordered and going ASTA an enquiring smile.

An old radio plays Country or Western music softly.

GARRY

Not today, sweetheart. Be late.

ASTA

Well... Could I see some of your tools?

GARRY

LAUGHES Who? I CALLED They Tho...

TIM (CRY)

Yeah, I heard.

Tim CURTIS shakes out from under a truck and goes to his feet. His grease-stained face seems embarrassed. In some preoccupied, almost in pain.

ASTA
Oh, hello

She smiles. He looks back at her, not hostile, just, along her up

TIM
Know what you're doing?

ASTA
More or less. . . Yes

TIM
Hm. All right. Don't make a mess and put things back where you find them.

ASTA
Thanks

CARRY drings. She can do what he wants with her tools. ASTA starts to take the luggage passers off the bike. CARRY just stands there, unashamedly staring at this phenomenon: a woman in jeans work on a bike?

TIM still stands there, as if lost in thought. There he looks at his wrist watch and then, up to the street

TIM
Time you were knocking off, Carry

CARRY drings again. He makes a look at TIM and a really little smile crosses his face. Then he picks up a little straps bag and goes. We hear a final bike chime off away down the street

ASTA opens the seat of the bike and gets out a genuine workshop manual in a faded plastic pack, plus the bike's own book. He can tell from the look on her face that she's a little daunted and not looking down to the book about. She looks across to TIM suddenly as the Cemetery's Mervyn music stops dead. TIM has reached off the radio. She just looks

TIM
(MUTTERS TO HIMSELF) Ah, that's better

But now, in the quiet, he doesn't go back to work. He goes and stands in the double doorway and looks up then down the quiet street, as if working.

ASTA comes to the workbench and the shadow board, carrying her manual. Gravelly she contemplates the range of tools.

IN EXT CURTIS PLACE REAR COURTYARD/SLEEPOUT EARLY EVENING

Still and quiet in the rear courtyard. The workshop floors there a rectangle of light cut the rear down. Creaks all in the seats. ASTA stands at a pair of old concrete laundry tubs set against the rear wall of the workshop and under a gray barred window. She's getting a drink of water and splashing some on her face. She's slumped down by riding pants and short hair, her grace to her elbows and on her face. She turns from the tubs with a sigh. She wipes the water off her mouth - which only adds a further grace smear. Then she sees a small two-roomed fibre sleepout on the other side of the courtyard - a laundry and a toilet sleeping area.

She hears the sound of a powerful engine turning into the workshop and powerful headlights beam out the rear door and window into the courtyard. Half hidden by shadows, ASTA looks through the gray window to

IN EXT CURTIS PLACE THE WORKSHOP/EARLY EVENING

Seen from ASTA's POV outside the rear window of the workshop NORMA is helping LIZZIE out of the passenger door of the tow truck. TINA is there, with a small overnight bag and a toilet bag. LIZZIE, the girl we met, and ASTA, now previously, full of air, smiling, laughing, is now dressed in a shapless cardigan top bag for her, a blouse and a suit gown, her pants like her in black. It's as if she's not quite there. She keeps her eyes down, not looking at anything.

Then ASTA makes out TIM, he's hovering somehow, looking at LIZZIE and not looking at her windowed toilet, smiling, observing the inside of his bottom lip. He steps back out of the way - almost as if keeping a distance between himself and - what? The rejected?

Through that, keeping more tears under control, NORMA keeps up a soothing flow of words - as she helps LIZZIE down, she keeps an arm around her waist as they move towards the house.

ASTA, outside, looking inward herself, simultaneously the outsider and the spy, not knowing whether to stay tacitly where she is or go in as if nothing were happening, but here -

NORMA

See - here we are. Safe home, love. Now - Turn a gut your things - Just you hang onto me - that's it - Meet a good one, that's all - That's what the doctor said. LA LOOX, AT TIM ON THEM - It's all right - Soon he tucked up on your own bed -

And they go into the house. TIM hangs back, stretching his head as if bewildered. ASTA, stands where she is another moment, then drings. None of her business, anyway.

She re-enters the workshop and comes back to her bike. TIM has not followed the others into the house but stands in the office. ASTA smiles back to the machine, smiles back and parts spread out neatly on some socks.

TIM turns and comes across to ASTA and crouches near her. ASTA looks at him but he's looking at the bike and the points on the ground. He picks up a part and turns it over in his hands.

TIM

Now. They do a nice job on these, the Nigs.

ASTA

UNCERTAIN. Yes.

TIM

You've changed the winding, eh? By the look (PAUSES) Sure no parts for one of these round here. Have to send down to Perth.

ASTA

How long'll that take?

TIM

Hm - ahem. Could be here by tomorrow night, could be longer.

ASTA

Terrible.

TIM

Yeah, well. Like a clock. Dumbbell.

ASTA

Yes. (PAUSES) Mr. Carna - I was wondering - that sleepout - could I use it tonight?

TIM

BEATFULLY. Er - well. Spare you could -

ASTA

QUICKLY. I mean - I'll pay for it.

And as she says that, she sees his eyes stray toward the house. TIM sees her look and.

TIM

No. No, no - no trouble. It's - uh - just tell my mother.

IN INTERT CURTIS PLACE, SLEEPOUT REAR COURTYARD/ NIGHT

ASTA puts down her sleeping bag, helmet and motorcycle pants. She flips out the rolled up mattress, then tucks into the bed, becomes a couple of times to feel the springs, then bends to pull off her bike boots. She wriggles her toes with pleasure. She reaches out for her pocket and finds a half-smoked packet of peanuts in a pocket. Hungry, she starts to eat the peanuts.

Then she hears the back door of the house bang open. ASTA looks forward, then stands. Through her doorway, she can see across the



downward to the rim of the house - and there's NORMA, coming out of the back door, carrying a towel and towel looking - but NORMA pauses and says back into the house:

NORMA
GANGBUN! Godalaghty! Ha!

Then she opens the screen door and comes briefly across the courtyard.

ASTA gets up and goes sheepishly as NORMA enters - standing there in her socks, hair covered with grease, smears and mouth full of peanuts. NORMA looks ASTA up and down, glaring at her.

NORMA
Oh, you
ASTA
Hello.

NORMA
Rough. Well, out of the way.

She dumps the bedding onto the mattress, obviously about to make up the bed. ASTA, so hungry that she's now licking the salt out of the bottom of the peanut packet, steps in.

ASTA
I can do that.

NORMA
Hungry, are you? Well, we can't feed you. Sorry but we're too - busy.

ASTA
It's quite all right, Really. I am... Anyway thank you.

NORMA
Yeah. Right there. Go sleep on the water.

NORMA turns and goes straight out, back to the house, without a backward glance. ASTA changes into the bed again and looks out the floorboard window. ASTA, head-aching, makes himself get up. She opens one of her paniers and spends it over the bed.

IF YOU GIMBORAK MAIN STREET: THE MILK BAR NIGHT
ASTA reaches a corner into the yellow lighted main street. She's showered and changed into a fresh T-shirt, jeans and sneakers. Solitary cars and motorcycles cruise up and down, apparently aimless, sometimes looking to each other, sometimes yelling abuse or greetings. ASTA passes a few shops. Normal, ordinary little shops, of course, shops, books and saddles, food stores. Some ABORIGINAL PEOPLE sit along the footpath - some in the gutter, others squatting against the shop fronts. The house-to-house of the milk bar (aka tea room) grows louder.

Under the milk bar's awning there are a fair number of YOUNG PEOPLE, male and female, hanging about. A line of motorcycles at the back, old cars with kids sitting in them or on them, eating, drinking, smoking, talking. Most blatantly interrupt their conversation to stare at the stranger as she enters the milk bar.

IF YOU THE MILK BAR NIGHT
The interior is hot and brightly lit, well-populated with younger KIDS, quite a number of laughing, young MEN, a YOUNG FAMILY and an older MUM and DAD in separate booths. The place is old-fashioned, wood panels, central tables and booths along the walls. There's an old jukebox as well as the newer music games and jukebox machines. An elaborately lit sign opens over the door at the back reads: **OUR MULTI-CULTURALITY & CURIOSITIES**.

ASTA takes the place in. Pretty typical. What used to be called 'The Greek bar' in the 50s and into the 60s. But the only Greek in evidence tonight is the teenage girl behind the counter. MELINA, who seems to be running the whole place, dancing up and down in front of the jukeboxes where a mass of meat patties, eggs, bacon and sausage sizzle, trying to keep up with the orders.

The counter already has a line of hungry customers, but ASTA finds a space and has to lean forward and speak directly to make herself heard over the din.

ASTA
A hamburger with everything and a chocolate malted - when you can manage it -

ASTA gives the bell a rattle. MELINA nods and goes back - grateful for the order, grateful for being spoken to like a human being.

ASTA
'Was that busy every night?'

MELINA
Yeah. GANGBUN! It's where the elite meet first.

ASTA glares and leans on the counter - and then finds WAYNE and BOBBY, two of DANNY's boys, either side of her, hawking MELINA. And GARRY, the mechanic, scribbled up to a slightly less oily state, is right behind her. And another guy, a Customs kid, BRIAN, is pushing through as well - after lifting a girl about 14, SUZIE, up to sit on the table. SUZIE watches everything with a wide-eyed giggle, as

BRIAN
Hey - where's the burgers, Mel? Come on, baby - go go go.

WAYNE
And two more with egg to go, Mel.

MELINA, glares, flipping patties, slipping beans into the toaster, breaking another couple of eggs onto the hot fat -

WAYNE, BOBBY, GARRY and BRIAN fall back by staring at ASTA, nudging each other, laughing and whispering comments about ASTA to each other. But it all just looks like chattering - a lot of unspoken energy on display. ASTA tries to ignore them. She looks over the other CUSTOMERS in the place.

At a counter table there's a solid young, black called DAVE, methodically eating his way through a plate of steak, chips and salad. Across from him is his sister, LORNA, a pale girl of about 17 who'd be attractive if the lateral fat head and snarl. LORNA's probed her food every, half-hour. DAVE and LORNA look as if they're just standing there, even breathing, eating their tea - we might even notice them amongst the others - but we will in a moment.

Meanwhile, ASTA turns back to find BOBBY looking her right in the eye. BOBBY is a bit of a kisser.

BOBBY
Glad-day. (A 'SLAVE' SMILE)

ASTA
COOLLY! Hello.

She turns her back on him and watches MELINA. The KIDS glint at each other a little in response to ASTA's coolness. WAYNE loses interest in ASTA and steps back from the counter.

BRIAN
By the way - you got me burger? Gonna play the machines -

WAYNE
Sure mate.

BRIAN wanders off. That leaves WAYNE, BOBBY and GARRY with ASTA. Heyday with them.

GARRY
Tissue - I gotta admit - she wrote up all right.

WAYNE
For an older chick -

BOBBY
Looks kinda hot in those trousers, but - Wonder how she'd go as a dress?

BOBBY notices a woman in a low-cut dress, strutting it over the legs and so on. Then he looks on the counter, he goes close to ASTA's.

BOBBY
Hey, bitch - you own a dress?

ASTA
CLIMBS HIM UP AND DOWN COOLLY. Not in your size.

GARRY and WAYNE do 'left-de-dah' expressions as ASTA's educated voice has they're still laughing, like everyone else without hearing. BOBBY scowls at ASTA.

She regards him utterly dead-pans - then turns away as if he's crossed to meet.

But now everyone's attention is drawn elsewhere. That fellow DAVE is on his feet, looking angry and has a handful of BRIAN's shirt. SUZIE, seated at the table, LORNA is watching, terrified, a hand over her mouth.

BRIAN
Dave's gonna to knock your bloody chair.

DAVE
Yeah? Well, you can say you're sorry.

BRIAN stays cool - he knows his cards are with him. And indeed, BOBBY and WAYNE are already moving up, as

BRIAN

Mah - I don't say "sorry", Davey-boy. Sorry (LOOKS AT LORNA) What a gut wife him, Lora? He upset about something?

DAVE

(TWISTING WAYNE'S SHIRT, PUSHING HIM AWAY)

WAYNE

[sco, Dave - can't a bloke even talk to your little sister no more]

BRIAN

They're too good for us, Wayne

BOBBY

(DEEP VOICE, GORILLA IMITATION) Hey, big Dave - Uhh... ah... ah...

WAYNE, GARRY and Lulu SUZIE thank BOBBY in a gesture. The place has gone quiet now - only the northern melody from the pubbox plays on. DAVE already knows how lost - but he turns on BOBBY, feet first, then clenched.

LORNA

(HALF-SITTING UP, A CATCH IN HER VOICE) Dave -

BRIAN

How are you doing, Lora? Don't see you around much lately... Doing anything, let it y'night, Lora?

DAVE swings a clumsy punch at BRIAN and hits him hard on the shoulder. The move brings the trio to within a metre of ASTA.

ASTA drives back instinctively. Little SUZIE drives her legs up out of the way and giggles, having a great time.

DAVE goes in swing another punch, but WAYNE grabs his arm stopping the blow. BRIAN pushes an open palm into DAVE's face. DAVE staggers back - and in a flash, BOBBY grabs him from behind, pinning his arms. DAVE struggles, but he's held.

On ASTA, her chest clenches and her jaw sets. For a moment, we almost think she may intervene, but she wills herself to relax - and even deliberately looks away.

Now BOBBY's got DAVE in sight beside him. BRIAN steps up close and speaks right into his face.

BRIAN

I could spread you all over this bloody shop, mate

MELINA

If your dick ends are gonna fight, well you'd do it outside - thank you?

BRIAN balls a fist - as if he'll punch the helplessly pinned DAVE right in the gut. LORNA cries out. But instead, BRIAN gives DAVE a "friendly" but hard slap on the cheek. DAVE winces. Her frightened now - and humiliated. BRIAN steps back, grinning.

BOBBY releases DAVE and pushes him hard toward LORNA, almost knocking him into her, as

BOBBY

Better take big brother home now, Lora

GARRY

Post his bedtime, anyway, isn't it?

And amidst laughter, DAVE, now exhausted to even lift his eyes, pushes through the crowd and out into the street. LORNA looks back just long enough for us to see the shear hatred in her eyes - and then she gives after DAVE.

MELINA

Righto - now that a's? Not turning this place into some boxing ring!

We can take much notice of MELINA. Somehow, in all this, she's managed to swap more burgers, including ASTA's, and slip them on the counter.

Outside now, even through the open door, an old Ford Mustang is backing into the back, its powerful V-8 engine thrumming. WAYNE, BOBBY and BRIAN seem to've been waiting for that car to arrive. They start to move out.

BRIAN accepts up his and SUZIE's burger and steps down midway as

WAYNE

(TO ASTA) See ya round, Dutch

ASTA just looks at him. Not if she can help it...

BRIAN grabs SUZIE and enters out with WAYNE, BOBBY and GARRY tagging along. ASTA pays for her food, nods thanks to MELINA - who rolls her eyes in heaven - and moves out too. Out the door to

IS OUT THE MILK BAR THE MAIN STREET NIGHT

WAYNE, BRIAN, BOBBY, SUZIE are grouped round some new arrivals DANNY FISKE, ANDREW BUCKHORN, LITTLE STEVE, HENNINGWAY and BRUCE SULLIVAN. GARRY looms round the edges, not really part of it, but listening in. DANNY and LITTLE STEVE sit up on the back of the barbox. ANDREW stands by DANNY.

We're seeing this, with ASTA, as she emerges from the Milk Bar. There's talk, with expressive gestures, of what went on inside. ASTA feels herself being looked at again. DANNY laughs.

ASTA steps out of the Milk Bar doorway and moves along the footpath. She slips her mobile into a satchel. She stops at the first shop and looks at the window display. She hasn't looked behind her and home.

DANNY stands there. He has a nice friendly smile. Beyond him, the others move over to be talking among themselves.

ASTA gives him a look of enquiry - "Yes?"

DANNY

Hi.

ASTA

Hello.

DANNY

DELETED So you found Tim Curran all right?

ASTA

Hi.

DANNY

At the pub - heard (longest) Caddy telling you how to get there.

ASTA

Oh. Right. Yes, I found it.

DANNY

Your father passed in first, was it?

ASTA

Second.

DANNY

Oh, good - and the best like a new today... (WHISTLES)

ASTA is puzzled: he seems different from the others. He has a really nice smile. She smiles back, still tentative, but curious.

DANNY

Yeah. Anyway - we're just going down the pub. Wondered if you'd like to join us.

ASTA

Thank you, but no... It has been a very long day and...

DANNY

Come. Just a quick one?

ASTA

FORGOT No, really. Thanks.

DANNY

Just trying to be friendly...

ASTA

Yes - but - well... Goodnight. (TURNING TO GO)

DANNY

It's not you around maybe.

ASTA

Maybe. (SMILES) Goodnight.

She walks out, leaving him standing there. She knows he's still looking at her. She keeps walking, shaking on her mobile. Then behind her she hears laughter. She can't help glancing back. LITTLE STEVE is walking behind her in a side-on-to-a-jawline way. Somebody whistles. Then ASTA hears

DANNY (O.V.)

Righto - out it out. Leave her alone.

ASTA keeps walking. Behind her, she hears the doors of the Paradise slam. Its engine starts. It pulls out and comes after her. ASTA quickens her pace. Now she's lit by the car's headlights. With difficulty she stops herself breaking into a run.

She's approaching a corner. She turns the corner. The Paradise continues on up the main street towards the pub.

ASTA releases the thought... She walks on.

20 INTENT CURTIS PLACE, SUBPOD REAR COURTYARD, NIGHT

The view out onto the moonlit clouds seen through the flyscreen windows of the sleepout. The view is ASTA's. She's perched on the corner of the little table, chewing at the tail of her kamikaze - no doubt told by now ASTA hasn't turned the light on - there's certainly only good with the brightness of the moon. She sighs, gets off the table, stands there, restless, undecided. The corner of the table has her handily released her, despite the weariness of earlier. Through her open doorway she can see there's a light on in the house. So what?

She's made the bed up. Her few possessions are spread on the floor and little table. With another sigh she stands and takes a step toward the door.

At the same moment, across at the house, the screen door creaks open. ASTA hears footsteps on the house's back verandah. Then she hears, plainly in the night air:

TIM (O/S)

Look - maybe she let him on. Everyone knows what goes on at these places.

TINA (O/S) For God's sake? She's your own daughter!

No reply - presumably from TIM. Again, ASTA is caught - sweat-drip or just sweat in it of nothing is happening?

ASTA takes the next step and out her doorway. She sees TINA standing at the top of the back steps, playing down at TIM who's standing at the bottom, turned away from TINA, his face lost in the shadows. TINA notices ASTA. Their eyes meet across the space of the courtyard. Already TINA turns and goes back inside, slamming the screen door shut behind her.

ASTA looks across at TIM. There waits heavily in the gate in the courtyard fence and disappears out into the scrub.

A moment's pause. Then TIM slowly and heavily climbs the steps back up to the back door. He puts his hand on the handle - but lets it fall. He turns and looks out over the scrub himself - his face still lost in shadow, but his figure, silhouetted against the outdoor light, shows a man alone with a crushing weight.

The murmur of NORMA's voice from inside the house - we catch snatches of the words. Then, loudly:



LIZZIE (O/S)

I can hear every word - you're saying, you know!

The sound of running feet inside the house - and suddenly the screen door bursts open again and LIZZIE herself appears, dressed only in a summer nightgown.

NORMA (O/S)

Lizzie! Lizzie! Sweetheart!

LIZZIE and TIM look at each other for a moment. But TIM doesn't react and so her TIM has her face away from her.

LIZZIE runs - down the steps across the courtyard, through the gate and away into the moonlit scrub. It seems to hurt her to run, but she runs, shuddering and crashing through the low brush.

NORMA bursts out of the house and looks at TIM. He just stands there.

21 EXT SCRUB, REAR OF CURTIS HOUSE, NIGHT

LIZZIE running hard, across the flat which is dotted with abandoned car bodies and low scrubs. She is panting and trying, running wildly.

LIZZIE slips behind a car body, halting, then sinks to the ground, leaning against the tyre, her knees drawn up, gasping for breath. She lifts her hand and grips with her at the rubber runners as standing in the scrub nearby. Then a quiet, murmuring voice comes out of the darkness:

ASTA

It's all right, it's OK.

LIZZIE

SWARM BACK AGAINST THE BANK! I thought... You're the... My name is... Tell them to stop... They put you on and so...

Lizzie changes forward and crouches. Suddenly, ASTA crouches beside her, then puts an arm around her.

The sound of more running feet and then the beam of a torch hits ASTA and LIZZIE. TIM and TINA stand looking at them. TIM's embarrassed, TINA suspicious and protective.

2 INTENT CURTIS PLACE

THE WORKSHOP/PETROL PUMPS, DAY

Next morning. Gaudy hand-painted sign through the double doors, the last shoddy like a wall out there inside, that Country or Western music is playing. The big motorcycle is disassembled - parts and tools are laid out neatly on the floor of the shack.

ASTA is in the doorway of TIM's little corner office, listening as TIM speaks on the phone.

TIM

INTO PHONE: Well, have you got parts for that model or not? What? Well, that's why I'm asking - GALLS HIS EYES TO ASTA, MOUTHING: Great stroke! INTO PHONE: Yeah, you check, mate... Right...

TIM waits. ASTA waits, with increasing frustration. The sound of a car horn as a police car pulls up at the pumps.

TIM

Gas... Pumps.

GABBY

Right, right.

GABBY tears herself away from a car engine and goes out to the petrol pumps. Out there, CUDDY has climbed out of the car, stretches and struts casually towards the workshop.

Meanwhile:

TIM

INTO PHONE: Yeah, I'm here... You have? Right, now I need 'em out here mate... Carbons... Yeah, My customer is in a hurry, you... Yeah, yeah. Are you in charge there, son?

CUDDY into the workshop now, nods and mutters "Good morning" to TIM and ASTA.

TIM

INTO PHONE: Well, put me into your boss... I will hang on, you... COVERS MOUTH/SHOCKS G day. Well.

TINA gesturing to CUDDY with friendly (but hot) - and he avoids CUDDY's eye. ASTA wanders away towards her bike. CUDDY on top of everything else...

CUDDY

How you going, Tim? How's the family?

TIM

They're all right. I'm - uh - I'm on the phone, Wal.

CUDDY

Sore. Will that be good to hear. I'll just have a word with the boss.

And he wanders over to ASTA - who isn't working, just staring at the bike & mews. GARRY leaves the petrol pump running and mooches back to town as the doorways watching and listening unashamedly. ASTA glances up at the back of CUDDY leaving over her, then back to her engine. CUDDY seems very relaxed. He takes out the mangle and rolls a smoke, as

CUDDY

Tim's looking after you, is he?

ASTA

Yes, thank you.

CUDDY

Yes, well, women are always welcome in Garbook.

ASTA

(A TOUCH OF SARCASM) Well, I'm very relieved to hear that.

ASTA coughs back to the bike as if clearing her throat. But he stands there. And at the same time.

TIM

(INTO PHONE) Ah, g'day. Yeah. I was ringing about ... Ah, he told you ... That's right ...

CUDDY

You must handle that machine pretty well.

ASTA

Hmm.

CUDDY

(GENTLE LAUGH) Travelling alone, eh?

ASTA

Apparently.

TIM

(INTO PHONE) Oh, the time tonight? Rightio, then ... Good. Ahem - what'll it cost? Uh-huh.

CUDDY

Don't you have people wondering where you are?

ASTA

I know where I am.

CUDDY

(CHUCKLES) Spouse you do.

TIM

(INTO PHONE) Good as you. Thanks. Bye. (HANGES LT) Miss Cadell? Yes, tonight. Going to call you a bit.

ASTA

Though he might.

CUDDY

All fixed up, then? eh? Put a bit of a hole in your holiday, though, eh?

ASTA

Yes.

ASTA looks past CUDDY to an old bicycle hanging on the wall.

GLARRY

We asked her for a beer last night, Sarge. But she wouldn't be on it.

CUDDY

You check my oil and water, Garry?

GLARRY

(EXITING) Righto, righto.

CUDDY

So - what are you going to do with yourself all day?

ASTA

(ALMOST THROUGH CLINCHED TEETH) I better think of something - (BELLS RING FAST CUDDY) Excuse me ... (TO TIM) Could I borrow that bike?

TIM

Er?

CUDDY

You want to go somewhere? I'll give you a lift ... No trouble ...

ASTA

(TO TIM) Please?

TIM

Well ... if you like. (LOOKS OUTSIDE) Gonna be a hot one ...

35. EXT. BETWEEN ROAD-DAY

A narrow between road. Old telephone poles stand at odd angles, stands of wires fall to the ground. ASTA is pedalling slowly along the road on the creaky old bicycle. She's wet with sweat, but singing happily to herself at the same stiffness. She comes to a downward slope and lets the bike run, taking her feet off the pedals.

An extreme WICK SHOT. The bike wobbles. She stops. In the distance we hardly hear

ASTA

See?

Some crows fly overhead. ASTA begins to walk, wheezing, the disabled bike.

Then the sound of a truck engine, drawing closer. From out of nowhere a small truck comes bounding and sailing toward her.

ASTA looks around the emptiness, suddenly nervous. The truck passes her and stops. It backs up until it is right beside her. The driver, ROSS, is a weathered man in his early thirties. He looks her up and down, his face expressionless.

ROSS

G'day. Hat?

36. INT/TRAVELLING ROSS'S TRUCK & POLY. DAY

The old pushbike rattles around on the top of the truck. It's a two-chucker's truck, still bloodstained from the falling of the night before. There are racks and hooks on a frame for hanging the kangaroo carcasses, spotlights mounted on the sides and a JCB rifle mounted behind the seat. ASTA relaxes in the passenger seat, glad to be riding. ROSS seems to herself suddenly ASTA glances at him, sitting here up. He seems all right. She attempts conversation.

ASTA

I'm lucky you came along. (PAUSE, NO RESPONSE) Yes, that bike was a bit more than I bargained for.

ROSS

(A SHORT LAUGH) Looked like it.

Then, silence again. ROSS just drives, seeming to have no interest in her at all. But now, calmly, with no change of expression, ROSS takes the truck off the sealed road and onto a dirt track. ASTA sits up straight and looks at him.

ASTA

You are going into town?

ROSS

Er? Oh, yeah. Yeah, yeah. We'll get there.

ASTA looks back. The sealed road recedes behind them, then disappears. ASTA looks at ROSS. He's humming to himself again. ASTA decides to go along with it, but she sits more upright. Now she notices him glancing at her, as if noting her up, assessing her out.

ROSS

What are you doing out this way? Just sort of looking around?

ASTA

Yes. I figure - something like that ...

ROSS nods at this - as if there said something all right and quite sensible. He draws the truck to a stop now, looking out his window in a small clear where a few sheep are drinking. Nearby, in the shade of some trees, there's a large chicken wire cage inside which are a couple of crows, trapped, flapping around a piece of rotting kangaroo carcass.

ASTA

Is this your place?

ROSS

What? No. This is the boss's place. Miss Rodolph. All hers. She owns most of it round here.

ROSS pulls her rifle off the rack behind the seat and gets out of the truck.

15. EXT. STAND OF TREES, CROW TRAP DAY

Carrying his rifle, ROSS goes across to the crow trap. ASTA gets out and checks in other directions: they seem to be quite isolated. ASTA studies her eyes from the man. At the crow trap, ROSS loads the cross.

ASTA's face: she thinks I want to look. ROSS returns to the truck. He looks across to ASTA.

ROSS

KRIMI! Minis of bulls! Bloody pests! They attack the locals!

He gets back into the cabin and aims the rifle. He starts the engine.

ROSS

You coming or not?

ASTA climbs in too. Refused her hand, the muzzle of the rifle. The truck lurches forward.

16. INT. TRAVELLING: ROSS'S TRUCK & ROSS'S DAY

ROSS

Not much to see in Clarabuck is there? The Motorworks ... (PAUSED) My wife: the works at the Motorworks. You work?

ASTA

Yes - sort of an office job.

ROSS

Ah, post. (PAUSED) I'm a two minutes, in and (PAUSED) Ah, well - can't complain. Most Motors round here got nothing.

ASTA

Yes - three seems to be a lot of unemployment.

ROSS

SURELY! ALMOST FURIED! Well, it's none of your worry, is it?

ASTA

John - no. I guess - (See: you work at night?)

ROSS

Look - at night.

He has reached the turnoff onto the sealed road. Now he looks in his wide great concentration. He turns a head as if about to say something important then stops.

A car and two bikes wrap past on the main road, distracting his attention.

DANNY's Fairlane, DANNY at the wheel. LITTLE STEVE beside him, taking note and looks first to the road track. After a second two motorcycles follow the Fairlane. WAYNE with ROBBY riding pillion, and on the other BRIAN. ROSS stares grimly at them as he turns onto the sealed road. The two bikes slow right down to keep pace with the truck. WAYNE looks up to ROSS and ASTA with a friendly grin.

WAYNE

(TO ASTA) (Gaily) Hello?

ROBBY

Hey Ross. How's Penny these days?

ROSS's face sets. He looks and pulls the wheel to the right, coming WAYNE to brake and slow onto the gravel. ASTA is thrown back against the window by the sudden reverse. ROSS looks himself out of the truck and runs toward WAYNE and ROBBY. BRIAN has stopped and turned his bike back toward the action. A broadened motor lurches down the road, DANNY's Impregnable Fairlane in a stop. ASTA opens her door to get out.

17. EXT. ROAD DAY

ROSS looks himself at WAYNE and ROBBY. WAYNE is forced to drop his bike to defend himself from ROSS's flailing fists. In an instant, BRIAN is off his bike and he too gets in.

Paragonized ASTA watches a moment. She turns then sets back in the truck cabin deliberately turned away from the light. The Fairlane looks up beside the truck and stops. DANNY and LITTLE STEVE look separately at ASTA, then get out of the car. ROSS is being overwhelmed. There on one: belly, pants, carter.

ASTA watches DANNY fly a sweater getting in, not stopping it. He is just standing there, hands-on his hips, shaking his head. ASTA stands out onto the running board. ROSS is on the ground and ROBBY is getting the foot in.

ASTA

All right - now that enough?

They stop, peering. ROSS got some blows in and the RIDERS shake a few eyes. As for ROSS himself, he lies on the ground, belly heaving, breath coming in choking gasps.

BRIAN

(TO DANNY) He's a bloody madman!

DANNY nods agreement, then shakes his head at the funny things people do. He looks at ASTA, as if to include her in his bewilderment. But she ignores him and moves across to ROSS.

DANNY

Think - anyone's lower him. Go on - see how it goes.

The RIDERS exchange a look and a shrug, then walk to their bikes. As the bikes trot off, LITTLE STEVE giving them a wave. DANNY walks over to ASTA and ROSS. ROSS is in a very bad state: his face out and bruised, one eye swelling shut, and when ASTA tries to sit him up it seems some ribs may be broken. He looks at her dumbly, a great shame in his eyes.

DANNY crouches by ASTA and ROSS.

DANNY

Better get him home. Come on, mate ...

DANNY reaches out to help ASTA lift ROSS, but ROSS flinches away and glares at DANNY. His good eye blaring, DANNY shakes his head and gives a gesture of helplessness. He grabs LITTLE STEVE and they go to the Fairlane and drive off.

ASTA looks at ROSS. He hangs his head, ashamed. With a lot of effort, she gets him to his feet and helps him to the truck. They drive the road, now the Fairlane is a dot in the distance.

18. INT. TRAVELLING: ROSS'S TRUCK & ROSS'S DAY

ASTA drives the truck. They're on the edge of town now. ROSS swings back and looks in the seat. He seems to be almost crying.

ROSS

You see, need to go down the Clark, when I was working ... (Cries) Must be for that much can you? My Penny she likes a bit of company, that's all - few laughs - few drinks ... Well, she likes a good time - why not? Well, they give her that all right. Stupid birds! ... And then ... and they she tries to lay charges ... People said, 'Change! Penny Run!' Everyone knows she she ... Oh, just. This is six months ago ... but she still ... We'll be sitting there having tea and she'll just ... stare eyes ... and I'll tell her 'It's all right, Pen - it's all right ... But she ... she ...



ASTA is affected by his emotion, but she smiles and shakes her head

ROSS

Well, what's a man supposed to do? Broken look at me in the street, down the Club... Laughing...

ASTA

What, yes? Where do you live?

ROSS

SHAKES HIS HEAD No. Go to the Maternity. Take a left turn

My point ASTA shrugs he is a madman. But she takes a left

IN EXT RODOLPH MEATWORKS: LOADING BAY DAY

The traffic and clank of the machinery result in the early sound of the hot rollers as ROSS's truck squeaks to a stop outside the loading bay of the Meatworks. Some fifteen away, a yellow sports car is parked by the white Mercedes sedan. As soon as the truck stops, ROSS wrenches open the door and slides to the ground. ASTA gets out on her side and moves straight to the rear of the truck. She grabs the bicycle and begins to pedal it off. She looks at ROSS

He is leaning heavily against the front endguard of the truck. His arms are bent. He lets go of the endguard and takes a step toward the factory doors. He staggers, almost falls and then stands swaying precariously

ASTA groans, sighs heavily and goes to him. She puts an arm around him and supports him into the factory. He leans on her gratefully

IN INT RODOLPH MEATWORKS: DAY

ROSS and ASTA come down the steps to the loading bay and into the factory floor. This takes them past SHIRL and PATTI, working near the loading bay. They both exchange a look and work slower, keeping an eye on developments

Now DULCE sees ROSS and ASTA and moves over to them at a stumbling trot. She screws up her face when she sees ROSS's injuries

DULCE

God in heaven, Ross - what is you...?

ROSS

What my wife, Dulce

DULCE

DAN ANGRIOUS LOOK ROUND FOR THE MAN ON THE CATWALK, THEN What... all right. What here

DULCE trots off into the machines. ASTA helps ROSS sit down on the loading bay steps. She looks around. The factory rises on an incline, showing tiny structures out of ROSS and ASTA's arrival. He grabs out TINA, BEERY, and BETA among the WOMEN. Hermy takes charge in. ASTA directs she can go. She gives ROSS a gesture of farewell and goes to assist the steps just then. But he reaches up and grabs her hand, looking up at her with his good eye. ROSS has decided ASTA is his "wife"

ASTA groans, but she stands there - with ROSS looking her hand like a child

Then ASTA sees that a well-dressed woman, MRS RODOLPH, and her son, ANDREW, are approaching

ASTA, the stranger - at least to MRS RODOLPH - gets a curious concern, then MRS RODOLPH looks at ROSS

MRS RODOLPH

ECONCERNED Ross - goodness me - we have been in the wars... What happened?

She goes to him, bending over him. ROSS looks at the floor, mumbling

ROSS

Nothing... I'm all right. Just come to get me wife

MRS RODOLPH gives ASTA a look of inquiry, but ASTA just shrugs, as if to say, "You heard him, he wants his wife." Now BETA has seen something's up and is dithering closer. MRS RODOLPH sees her

MRS RODOLPH

But, darling? Could you get the first aid box for Ross?

ROSS

Sure, I'm all right

MRS RODOLPH flutters a hand at BETA - "Don't worry about that there - BETA shrugs and looks curiously at ASTA

At the same time, ANDREW tugs at his mother's sleeve, turning her away. They go close enough for ASTA to hear

ANDREW

Mum - I got to go. Money?

ASTA sees MRS RODOLPH give him a rather pained look. And now BETA's wife, PENNY is emerging from the machines, accompanied by DULCE, and with TINA, tagging along. SHIRL and PATTI dash a bit closer, each carrying some flannelled cottons so as to look as if they're working

DULCE

LA HALF-HEARTED SHOUT FOR THE ROSSs DENIED Come on, you other girls - back to work now. There's nothing to see

As soon as PENNY sees ROSS, she cries out and her female walk turns into a run to him. She crouches by him, holding him and crying

MRS RODOLPH

Dulce... (BECOMES HER CLOSER) Norma Curtis and Lucie off again today?

DULCE

SCURRIES Bang in sick, Mrs Rodolph - Some kind of funny wag, I think...

ANDREW

SMOOS TOWARDS PENNY IN A (DREAMY-LOOKING MORN) Looks like she's going to wait the day off as well. (SHEGUES)

ROSS begins supported in his feet by PENNY and ASTA. He struggles free and takes a few unsteady steps toward ANDREW and MRS RODOLPH

ROSS

You ought to control that boy of yours. Mrs Rodolph.

Mrs Rodolph sighs wearily shaking her head - and turns away

ROSS

He needs a good thinking... Plan and his mates...

MRS RODOLPH

HER BACK TO HIM, COULD Don't ruin all that again, Ross

ROSS

You both thank you can do what you like to us

MRS RODOLPH

I'd be very careful what I said, Ross - if I were you

And she clicks her tongue, having no wish to continue this ridiculous conversation

ROSS

CANTHOTHER COUPLE OF STEPS You stop and listen to me, you both

He looks as if he is going to step in front of her, to make her listen... But now ANDREW punches him in the stomach. ROSS, already weakened, crumples and goes down on the polished floor... A scream from PENNY

ASTA moves first, on an instinct of rage...

And in a blur, before anyone knows what's happening, ASTA - who's ANDREW's stinging blows across the face. He cries out, so much in shock as pain

Elsewhere TINA - open-mouthed, BETA - fists clenched behind, SHIRL gives PATTI a delighted nod. He has again?

ANDREW clutches his stinging face. He makes a move toward ASTA, but MRS RODOLPH stops him with a gesture

MRS RODOLPH looks hard at ASTA

MRS RODOLPH

Who the hell are you?

But ASTA looks straight back at her - the only woman in this factory who was at the moment. ASTA gives a brief laugh - "That" - as if she sees right through MRS RODOLPH (ASTA has seen MRS RODOLPH's-betrayal) Then she turns on her heel and mounts the loading bay steps to go

Out there, in the blinding light of the car park, she can be seen angrily hauling the bicycle off the back of the truck to, foreground

MRS RODOLPH

Dulce - tell the other that these two SPENNY and ROSS are to be paid off

DULCE

Oh, Mrs Rodolph. What - now?

MRS RODOLPH

I don't want to see either of them again

(to be continued)

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SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW?

AFTER THE DUST HAS SETTLED, AND THE PROMOTIONAL HYPE HAS DIED AWAY, WHAT'S REALLY NEW IN THE TECHNICALITIES AREA? FRED HARDEN LOOKS BACK AT SMPTE.

Sound & Vision '88, the third international conference of the Australian section of the Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers (SMPTE), had a particularly positive air about it, apparent even in a two-day visit. I lost one valuable equipment-wearing afternoon as a guest on a long panel discussion at which, considering the clipped thoughts that I had to offer, I should have been looking and asking questions. The audience would have appreciated it as well.

For this year, Dominic Case from Colorfilm took over the reins of chairman from Peter Bosley of VTC. Again, the organisation of the conference program and the exhibition went smoothly, with more than 60 conference papers presented and 90 or so companies exhibiting equipment. The atmosphere of uncertainty about the future of the Australian industry was certainly not carried into the show and television equipment, at least, seemed to be selling, judging from the "Purchased by" stickers. It made me think that the engineers have the easier task. Their research and development will continue to be funded, because all the companies are looking to the future. It's the end-users who have to keep up with the day-to-day realities, such as how to afford things.

In a way, that thought was behind the Sound & Vision '88 theme, "The challenge of changing technology". As Dominic Case pointed out, the push for higher resolution television and higher quality for film through new formats and faster film frame speeds are now real issues on which decisions must be made. We should thank the Australian section of SMPTE for bringing the discussion to us, as we are normally so isolated from the technical developments



THE TIME GUARDIAN special effects on show at SMPTE

CONFERENCES AND PAPERS

As always, topics and standards of papers were mixed. The SMPTE is made up of engineers working for companies of very different sizes, and all of them are looking to these events to promote their own products or development path. There were some sessions that provided overviews of development, and were intended to balance the commercial tendency of the lot. The panel on High Definition Television Systems, on which I sat, was an example of this.

This year, the big companies like Sony and Ampex had technical background papers on the development of the digital video systems, particularly the D2 standard (more of this later). A lot of all the papers presented and how to get copies of them is available from SMPTE (address below), but here are some that caught my attention.

Among the Australian companies was FilmLab Engineering, with details of their new Colormaster 2000 colour analyser: this is a CCD sensor system on a latbed film transport table, using an AT computer to process the image colour information digitally. Fairlight Instruments unveiled their MPX audio post-production system. Designed to work in with the big Fairlight III CMI, it has wider application as a totally digital audio post-production system, allowing timecode-based dialogue and effects to be accurately layered.

With the large amounts of RAM and a big hard disk it can handle complete reels of feature audio production with infinite flexibility.

Some of the other local papers were hardly new or exciting: low-budget slide transfers (Digital Imaging Australia), budget Arri graphics for non-broadcast (E Stefanou & Assoc.), and the application of motion control software from Apogee in the U.S. by Samuels in Sydney, for a computer controlled hot head.

There were a lot of technical papers about satellite broadcasting and distribution systems, using digital processing techniques. Visual presentations included Andrew Mason from Mirage Effects showing the best bits of *The Time Guardian* - the special effects - and short films that opened each session showing some historical moments of TV, such as the 1938 Movietone newsreel of John Logie Baird in Australia.

One of the gems was paper No 22, "The Subjective Tests on Tolerable Timing Differences between Picture and Sound in a Television Program". This explained tests done by the Finnish Broadcasting Co. to work out the extent that a picture and sound could be out of sync before this became annoying to the observer. The conclusion was that most viewers cannot tell if the sound is behind by 77ms (about 1.8 frames) or ahead by 66ms (1.65 frames). As the paper pointed out, the tests were done in the Finnish language and English might be different. I just thought that you'd like to know.



The AMPLEX D2 digital VTR is being advertised as the tool for professionals, primarily, over satellites and videodisks. And to that, let's add economists, because the VPR 300 fits immediately into the one-inch slot suite and promises to make all the other machines redundant.

VIDEO EQUIPMENT

We noted in the last SMPTE show the growing involvement of computers in all aspects of film and TV production. At this show the phrase was carried through to its full conclusion: total digital image processing and recording has become a commercial reality. The buzzword was D2 and the engineers were wearing paths between the Sony and Ampex stands.

Sony sold the first true digital VTRs in Australia. Last year was an impressive event in the development of TV but because the system used the 4:2:2 component standard (it keeps the Red Green Blue signals separate) the Sony DVTR fitted poorly in the general composite analogue production environment. Even at the high price, the video graphic companies were eager to buy because their graphic systems were 4:2:2, but what most facility houses were waiting for was the machine that fitted in with their existing one-inch VTRs, at a comparable price. Surprisingly, it wasn't Sony that did it.

In April this year Ampex used their co-operative patent arrangement with Sony to produce a full featured VTR using the D2 composite standard. Sony did have a D2 machine on show but for some reason had chosen a simpler design, making the

Ampex VPR 300 D2 machine the most attractive. Judging from the backlog of orders for the Ampex machine, it may have stolen the march on Sony. At SMPTE the situation was repeated but Sony was quick to point out that the race was not over and their following model will have a lot more of the features that the market asked for.

The biggest advantage of digital VTRs is the quality that is maintained over multiple generations. The D2 standard uses a special cassette similar to the U-matic (the same width tape is used). The big plus for the Ampex VPR 300 machine is the ability to take an oversize three-hour tape.

There were new graphics packages from almost everyone. The traditional hold on the video paint market of Quantel and Ampex has also been challenged by a lot of lower cost models. There has been a lot of squabbling about whether user interfaces (menu displays etc) are copyright and Quantel is coming down hard on the issue.

At the low end, there were some good PC based products. The Nanka Pro Genlock for the Commodore Amiga gives a clean, fully broadcast-compatible video signal from what looks like the best of the cheap graphics-capable computers. The resolution is still chunky but it adds a lot of capacity for little money.

For a bit more money, a Japanese company Yem had a real-time

computer graphics-to-video synchroniser, the CMS 050, that was capable of accepting non-interlaced output from computers like the Mac II, up to 1280 x 1024 pixels.

I was looking carefully at the small offline edit controllers because I wanted to buy one, and the choice was wide. Systems like the Mickey are computer mouse-controlled systems looked to be the right price and if you later add TBCs, the Mickey can perform a limited-length range of dissolves within the



MOUSEWORK
The Mickey computer editing system

computer. The Meyside TBC package from the same supplier, Quantel, was also good value for money.

AEC (Automatic Edit Controller) was showing its tiny two-machine edit controller, the BAE, designed to be a cut's only lower cost controller (with some flexibility).

Digbytes (I'm not sure if that's a clever name or not) is a Sydney production company which have developed a product called Shotclerk. This is an edit list program that has to be different, with a "graphed" printout format that lets you see the A and B rolls start and end points in relation to each other and the audio track. It works on an IBM-compatible PC and uses a slow-motion modecode capture card to read the timecode from track 2 of the U-matic cassette. The edit decision list software also gives you insert capability. I've used the product on a couple of short offline sessions and, after getting over the steep learning curve (not helped by a poor manual), it seems to do most of what I need an offline for.

To put the overload of new video equipment in perspective, a director friend walked from stand to stand, owed by each new digital device, then said, "The bottom line to all this is, where are the creative applications?" It is now possible to do almost anything to manipulate the image, but even the display material is creatively boring. It seems as if we are waiting for the new breed of 'creators' to take full advantage of the new tools.

FILM AND POST PRODUCTION

The Miller Model 80 fluid head, suiting cameras up to 35 kg, was a true production head for the bigger cameras, a tough competitor for the Sechler studio head.

The features that were attracting attention were the good counterbalance system and multiple drag adjustment. There are four pre-sets in 10 and three plus free in pan. It will also fit a wide range of tripod and TV studio pedestals. The low Australian dollar has given Miller a big plus in the overseas market and the company is not letting the chance slip away. There was a new heavy duty, anodised tubular aluminium tripod called the Max that will carry up to 45 kg and weighs 6 kg with the built-in above ground spreader.

There was also a lightweight ENG tripod, the Compact II. Weighing in at 3 kg, its very low position of 580mm with the spreader still attached was impressive.

LIGHTING

Strend Lighting Australia was keen to show off the first products from its R & D program on specific needs for the Australian lighting industry. There were several smaller control boards and dimmer control packs made to suit school or small performance areas such as pubs. These contrasted with the massive new Lightboard M. Computer controlled and with colour VCU, it has the capacity to drive 768 dimmers with 200 recordable memories - all too much for me, so I headed towards the HMI's.

In the Quartzcolor range were the Artus HMI softlights, clean broad course lighting from an interesting reflector design in three wattages 575W, 1200W and 2500W. The

heads all connect to standard ballast. There was also a new open-faced 575W HMI based on the Blonde housing. It has more punch than the 575W Sino (it uses the same ballast) and has a focusable reflector.

Strend's other new products at the show included a new lighter weight lighting grid, the Lighting, aimed at temporary or smaller video studios, and the Ichi, a new 1100W light that will take from 200W to 1000W lamps.

Strend also distribute the Rosco products. In the paint range there was a high quality phosphorescent paint and a new TV black and TV white. Black and white paint is hardly new but this is TV white, a neutral grey with 60 per cent reflectance which the TV engineers like to see their peak white sitting at on the waveform. The black has a 3 per cent reflectance giving minimum brightness. There is also a new flame retardant for curtain backdrops for theatre use, called Roscoflame, which can now be used for treating synthetics and timber.

Adding to the Rosco Cinepal range is the deep dyed, fade resistant Cinacolor on rolls 48 inch wide. There are 56 colours and nine diffusers.

There were a lot of video and ENG lenses, but weighing in at 5.8 kg (nearly 13 lbs) was a 5.1 zoom lens that I wanted immediately. There are some good wide zooms for 16mm but on 35mm you have to go to prime lenses below 20mm wide. The

SNP Products had a lot of new toys that I didn't get time to play with but one of those that caught my eye as I kept passing the stand was the Matthews briefcase dolly, far more sturdy than its size would have you believe and a perfect addition to a video kit. The other item that I want to get my hands on was the Filmsoft Editor's Assistant. This is a hardware and software package designed to attach to any sprocketed device which will convert the footage counter to PAL timescode. Designed to fit onto synchrosers, Pro Syncs and flat bed tables, it makes building up an edit decision list a lot faster.

SNP also had a Panasonic-labeled Sharp PC-1245 handheld computer with a special EPROM program that does almost every film



SUM THING The Sharp PC-1245 pocket computer

calculation you'd need: exposures, depth of field, speeds, diopters, film time/lengths and more. It will even do your accounts and tell you what time the sun comes up.

The other handheld film/video calculator was the one from ACE Edit, using the lower cost Sharp PC-



WIDE-ENED The wide angle Cooke Variotal

Cooke Variotal. It's 14 to 70mm zoom, f3.1, with a 76 degree angular field of view across the horizontal. It has minimal distortion on the wide end and the resolution figures are impressive. It also focuses down to a very useful 70 cm (27 in). I can't wait to use it.

1245 and depending on the long lithium battery life to store the program in memory rather than on EPROM. This calculator has been around for a while and has a good reputation. If you need it, it will also calculate Super 8 feet and frames.

ACE Edit also had an add-on compressed meter for conventional audio decks that looked like great



HOT PROPERTY: The EQunit

value for the price. The big plus was the quality of the sound and the built-in equalisation for every channel. All the levels and EQs could be set to change on any SMPTE time-code frame, and the video screen display was particularly well designed. It's worth a look.

As usual, you never get to see all the items that look interesting in the catalog and I'm still catching up with things people have told me about. There's just part of the excitement of trade shows like SMPTE, it's all the fun of window shopping but you are encouraged to handle the equipment. Add to that the papers and the discussions, the effect is to send the delegates home feeling positive.

Among the things that I never knew I wanted at SMPTE was Rosco's Pine Colours-flavoured smoke fluid (one of a range of designer smells available) and come to think of it, they also had the lowest price gateway to the high tech show I'm writing: heart in mouth, to see the improvements in next year's model.



High on my wish list is the Mitsubishi video hard copy printer. The black and white model shown here has been around for a while, but the colour version gives prints that look as good as Polaroids. It can be yours in black and white for about \$2,000 ex tax and in colour for \$5,000.

ADDRESSES:

The Australian section of SMPTE can be contacted at P.O. Box 58, Wollongby, NSW 2038.
 ACE Edit, P.O. Box 523, Bondi Junction, NSW (02) 398 9039.
 Automatic Edit Controllers (ACE) Pty Ltd, Shop 3, 84 Great North Road, Five Dock, NSW (02) 713 4800.
 Ampex Australia Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 190, North Ryde, NSW (02) 887 3303.
 Gump Communications, 260 Auburn Road, Hawthorn, Vic (03) 818 6675.
 Digiplex, P.O. Box 344, Strawberry Hills, NSW (02) 367 1444.
 Fairlight Instruments, 15 Boundary Street, Rushcutters Bay, NSW (02) 331 6333.
 Filmfab Engineering Pty Ltd, 201-203 Port Hacking Road, Miranda, NSW (02) 552 4144.
 Miller Head Heads, 30 Holman Parade, Artamon, NSW (02) 439 6377.
 Mirage Effects Pty Ltd, 10 Wyfield Street, North Ryde, NSW (02) 895 9666.
 Mitsubishi Electric Australia Pty Ltd, 73-75 Epping Road, North Ryde, NSW (02) 888 5777.
 SMP Products, 30 Gibbons Street, Campdown, NSW (02) 517 2745.
 Sony Australia Pty Ltd, 30-39 Telavere Road, North Ryde, NSW (02) 887 6666.
 Strand Lighting, 4/56-72 John Street, Leichhardt, NSW (02) 552 1222.
 Telmas/Norik Image Master, 200 Pacific Highway, Crows Nest, NSW (02) 857 4776.
 The Cooke Vertical zoom is available from the John Barry/Samuelson group, 1 MacLachlan Avenue, Artamon, NSW (02) 439 6955.
 Quental, distributors of the Panibox, are at 881 French's Forest Road, French's Forest, NSW (02) 452 4111.



LOW TECH HIGH IMPACT: Seuro lighting's gateway, the Professional Equipment Grip (PEG), which made a deep impression on Fred Hardin.





BOULEVARD OF BROKEN (filmmaker)

THE 36TH AUSTRALIAN FILM INSTITUTE AWARDS WERE PRESENTED ON 10 OCTOBER. PAUL KALINA LOOKS BACK AT THIS YEAR'S CONTROVERSIES AND CONTENDERS

"What we are seeing at present," says Vicki Molloy, executive director of the Australian Film Institute, "is an international movement which is questioning the status of the director, the auteur theory and attempting to upgrade the status of the writer. I think the Awards are providing a forum for airing out, or voicing, some of those broader concerns."

That's certainly a philosophical view of the dispute that saw this year's AFI Awards proceed without the participation of the Australian Writers' Guild and the elimination of the two writing categories (best screenplay and best screenplay adapted from another source) from the Awards. Diplomatically one might call it a forum; otherwise it is better described a boycott.

Though the streamlined writing procedures introduced last year along with a new AFI Members Award seem to have been well received —

particularly among industry practitioners who now find it much easier to participate in the Awards — the annual round of disputes has once again buckled the organisational horse and highlighted several areas of contention concerning the voting procedures and regulations of the AFI Awards.

This year's principle dispute centred on voting accreditation rights. The Australian Writers' Guild was devastated over the fact that while directors were eligible to vote in the screenplay categories, writers are refused the reciprocal right to vote for directors. According to the Guild, which boycotted the Awards, "the AFI's voting accreditation rights downgrade the writer to some sort of junior partner in the filmmaking process."

Tom Hegarty's spokesperson for the Guild censures the AFI as "the main film body in Australia" for its "inequitable treatment of writers without whom there would be no film industry. The dispute, he stresses, is not with the directors, but with the AFI whose present voting procedures, he says, perpetuate an improper

perception of the writer's role [Interestingly, were voting rights reciprocated, writers would outnumber directors by as much as two to one.]

Vicki Molloy maintains that "the AFI is continually receiving representations about amendments, caused by different groups, and while we try to accommodate as best we can the interests of special industry groups, we also have a responsibility to maintain a consistent and equitable judging system across the board. The situation at present is that producer, directors vote in every category and hence that there's peer judging. We decided not to make a one-off amendment to that system because we thought that might create other inconsistencies."

The Guild was quick to point out the existence of "major inconsistencies within the Awards far more anomalous than the change requested by the Guild. As the system stands, best assistant directors and production managers are accredited to vote for best director, yet experienced writers aren't." Molloy claims that the perceived anomaly has been noted and explains that "the

basis on which first assistant directors and production managers vote for director is that voting occurs within departments." The directors, it seems, are not entirely content with the other and have lodged an objection to the inclusion of others in their category.

The Guild first voiced its dissatisfaction with the situation in 1984, when it was told that a review of the process would be forthcoming. Despite ongoing correspondence and discussion, earlier this year the Guild put a proposal to the AFI Board proposing that writers be accredited to vote for directors in the same way that directors vote in the screenplay categories, but the proposal was turned down.

The reason that directors and producers vote in all categories, says Molloy, is because functionally they are seen to have direct involvement in every aspect of the film production process. "That can't be said of writers or actors," said Molloy. Amongst other things, the granting of reciprocal voting rights for writers would set a precedent that other groups, such as actors, would similarly lay claim to the mantle. According to Hegarty, the writers recognise the universal role of directors and producers — who after all are responsible for the hiring of the writer — but merely seek to have the frequency increased and would settle on hiring directors removed from the writing categories.

Molloy says that it is unlikely the AFI will proceed with the Awards next year before receiving the agreement of all groups to abide by the rules and regulations, whatever they may be. Molloy acknowledges that other options are being looked at. One model currently under scrutiny, which mirrors that used by the American Academy, would allow all accredited members to vote in all categories, after films had been pre-selected by peer groups. Such a system she believes would satisfy the writers' concerns as no group would be privileged. She hopes that through round table discussions, meetings and negotiations, a system acceptable to all parties can be arrived at.

Contention has also occurred this year on the film *Shame*, which according to co-producer Paul Barton, was originally entered last year but subsequently withdrawn when Barton Films discovered that the materials supplied for the AFI jury screenings were substantial. According to Molloy the film was indeed entered, judged and rejected by nine different pre-selection panels.

Delepla Bahrli claims that "no-one at the AFI told us that we would be ineligible this year and common sense would indicate that a producer would have the right to withdraw a film and re-enter it in such circumstances" it is unequivocally stated on the 1999 entry form that any film entered in 1997 would be ineligible. The film has subsequently both released nationally to general acclaim from both critics and the public. Though the re-inclusion of the film on the grounds of its award rejection would undermine the integrity of the Awards, as well as being unconstitutional and totally unethical, the incident does confirm a view that has been voiced on many occasions in the past: that the pre-selection process, and consequently the time that doyen Awards, favours particular types of the film.

A further hiccup has been caused by uncertainty over the broadcasting of the presentation ceremony which was not televised this year. The ABC, whose live broadcast of last year's presentation in Melbourne was a marked improvement on past bores, was unable to offer a time slot and cost factor suitable to the AFI. Molloy is convinced, however, that there are other ways to achieve the primary aim of the Awards, which is to create public awareness of Australian filmmaking.

At the same time Molloy stresses that the presentation is only one part of the Awards. The films, which represent a large proportion of films produced in that year, are being screened in seven cities, providing members a chance to review that year's output in films. She believes that this, a forum in the traditional sense, is an integral part of the AFI Awards.

Despite the gloom and lean times that have prevailed recently on the Australian film

industry, 26 feature films were entered this year. Not which 16 were pre-selected to compete in the competition. Screenings have been well attended, according to Molloy, though mixed reactions to many of the nominated films would seem to reflect the current climate. Molloy acknowledges that there are probably fewer stand-out films this year than I can recall from the past.

Not unexpectedly, *Cocoonle* (Sandra K), like its predecessor, is this year's most notable non-contender on the other hand, *The Man From Snowy River* it was entered, but only in the technical areas where it received a nomination for sound.

Tom Hegarty promises that the writers will be continuing their campaign though he refused to be drawn to state what action they plan to take in spirit at least, however, they have been disappointed at this year's Awards. Frank Hovener is *Boysenwood* of *Broken Dreams*, which scooped six nominations including best film and best director, recounts the tale of a weary Australian playwright who, amid the first blots of Hollywood stardom, returns home in a desperate bid to be reunited with his family.

Unlike the usual breed of scriptwriter, the under-recognised and downgraded "junior partner" who mends clothes between washing clothes and changing coats, this guy is famous enough to be pictured on the cover of *Rolling Stone* and be recognised by a local taxi driver. Is it selfish thinking a mercurial job or an irony that no writer could have conceived?

AFI AWARD NOMINATIONS

FEATURES

Best Feature

Boysenwood of *Broken Dreams*
Sandra K
Sandra K
Molloy
The Navigator

Best director

Pete Amund (Boysenwood of Broken Dreams)
Craig Loh (Fever)
Don McAnen (Molloy)
Vivian Anon (The Navigator)

Best actress

Nicole Cameron (Molloy)
Wendy Hughes (Boysenwood of The Navigator)
Pamela Jones (Molloy to Dream)
Jo Kennedy (Terror House)

Best actor

Mark Lee (The Everlasting Secret Family)
Harold Matthews (The Navigator)
Sam Stone (Frodo)
John Morris (Boysenwood of Broken Dreams)

Best supporting actress

Tracy Burrell (Molloy)
Mary Coussas (Molloy)
Sue Jones (Molloy)
Julie Miller (Boysenwood of The Navigator)

Best supporting actor

Kim Gungah (Boysenwood of Broken Dreams)
Dino Lawrence (Guns and Body Heat)
Phil Livingston (The Navigator)
John Mallon (The Everlasting Secret Family)

Best cinematography

David Connell (Boysenwood of Broken Dreams)
Beryl Ryan (Guns and Body Heat)
David Gerner (The Navigator)
Dorothy Simpson (The Navigator)

Best editing

Burton Aggar (The Navigator)
Phil Hill (Boysenwood of Broken Dreams)
John Scott (The Navigator)
Mark Lee (Boysenwood of Broken Dreams)

Best original score

Andrew Hagan and Martin Wilson (Molloy)
Molloy (The Navigator)
Molloy (The Navigator)
Molloy (The Navigator)
Molloy (The Navigator)

Best production design

David Lee (Molloy)
David Lee (Molloy)
David Lee (Molloy)
David Lee (Molloy)
David Lee (Molloy)

Best costume design

James Cameron (Molloy)
James Cameron (Molloy)
James Cameron (Molloy)
James Cameron (Molloy)
James Cameron (Molloy)

Best sound

Liquid Cinema (Guns and Body Heat)
Liquid Cinema (Guns and Body Heat)
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NON-FEATURE FILMS

Best Documentary

Chris Tade (An Unusual History)
Molloy (The Navigator)
Molloy (The Navigator)
Molloy (The Navigator)
Molloy (The Navigator)

Best Short Fiction Film

Steve Day (Molloy)
Molloy (The Navigator)
Molloy (The Navigator)
Molloy (The Navigator)
Molloy (The Navigator)

Best Animation

A Dream (Molloy)
Molloy (The Navigator)
Molloy (The Navigator)
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Molloy (The Navigator)

Best Experimental Film

Mark Lee (The Navigator)
Molloy (The Navigator)
Molloy (The Navigator)
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Best Direction

David Connell (Boysenwood of Broken Dreams)
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David Connell (Boysenwood of Broken Dreams)

Best cinematography

David Connell (Boysenwood of Broken Dreams)
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Best editing

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Best sound

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SHORTS

AFTER SCHOOL

Prod company **Producers**
Director
Scriptwriter
Photography
Sound recording
Editor
Composer
Art director
Costume designer
Make-up
Visual effects
Visual photography
Casting
Location
Transport
Budget
Length
Genre
Running time
Cast
Synopsis
Comments
Prod company
Producers
Director
Scriptwriter
Photography
Sound recording
Editor
Composer
Art director
Costume designer
Make-up
Visual effects
Visual photography
Casting
Location
Transport
Budget
Length
Genre
Running time
Cast
Synopsis
Comments
Prod company
Producers
Director
Scriptwriter
Photography
Sound recording
Editor
Composer
Art director
Costume designer
Make-up
Visual effects
Visual photography
Casting
Location
Transport
Budget
Length
Genre
Running time
Cast
Synopsis
Comments

BOONZA

Prod company **Producers**
Director
Scriptwriter
Photography
Sound recording
Editor
Composer
Art director
Costume designer
Make-up
Visual effects
Visual photography
Casting
Location
Transport
Budget
Length
Genre
Running time
Cast
Synopsis
Comments
Prod company
Producers
Director
Scriptwriter
Photography
Sound recording
Editor
Composer
Art director
Costume designer
Make-up
Visual effects
Visual photography
Casting
Location
Transport
Budget
Length
Genre
Running time
Cast
Synopsis
Comments

CRACKS IN THE QUARTERS

Prod company **Producers**
Director
Scriptwriter
Photography
Sound recording
Editor
Composer
Art director
Costume designer
Make-up
Visual effects
Visual photography
Casting
Location
Transport
Budget
Length
Genre
Running time
Cast
Synopsis
Comments

Director/producer
Prod company
Producers
Director
Scriptwriter
Photography
Sound recording
Editor
Composer
Art director
Costume designer
Make-up
Visual effects
Visual photography
Casting
Location
Transport
Budget
Length
Genre
Running time
Cast
Synopsis
Comments

Prod company **Producers**
Director
Scriptwriter
Photography
Sound recording
Editor
Composer
Art director
Costume designer
Make-up
Visual effects
Visual photography
Casting
Location
Transport
Budget
Length
Genre
Running time
Cast
Synopsis
Comments

THE FAT LADY

Prod company **Producers**
Director
Scriptwriter
Photography
Sound recording
Editor
Composer
Art director
Costume designer
Make-up
Visual effects
Visual photography
Casting
Location
Transport
Budget
Length
Genre
Running time
Cast
Synopsis
Comments

Prod company **Producers**
Director
Scriptwriter
Photography
Sound recording
Editor
Composer
Art director
Costume designer
Make-up
Visual effects
Visual photography
Casting
Location
Transport
Budget
Length
Genre
Running time
Cast
Synopsis
Comments

THE HIDDEN HAND

Prod company **Producers**
Director
Scriptwriter
Photography
Sound recording
Editor
Composer
Art director
Costume designer
Make-up
Visual effects
Visual photography
Casting
Location
Transport
Budget
Length
Genre
Running time
Cast
Synopsis
Comments



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Producer — Janet Bell
Assoc. Producer — Tony Nixon
Prod. manager — Alison Williamson
Prod. secretary — Amanda Williamson
Prod. accountant — Neil Cousins
Publicity — Jane Glen
Marketing/promotions — Chris Piro
Synopsis — A one hour film for TV about the historical significance of the artists and their efforts to combine with the composer "Totara Landscapes" the largest ever international art collection to leave the New Zealand leaving USA in 1984.

IN THE END

Prod. company — Film Australia
Dist. company — Film Australia
Director — Martin Jolly
Screenplay — Martin Jolly
Producer — Janet Bell
Prod. manager — Alison Williamson
Prod. secretary — Amanda Williamson
Prod. accountant — Neil Cousins
Publicity — Jane Glen
Marketing/promotions — Chris Piro

Synopsis — The documentary is a critical experiment in which senior citizens from 17 world villages learn to write in a classroom setting and with the help of students from the college document their personal history in pencil and charcoal both during and as a theatrical performance of their stories.

THE STORIES

Research — Jo Harcourt
Prod. company — Janet Bell
Prod. manager — Alison Williamson
Prod. secretary — Amanda Williamson
Prod. accountant — Neil Cousins
Publicity — Jane Glen
Marketing/promotions — Chris Piro
Synopsis — A 4 x 10 minutes short series for TV about Australia's cultural acquisition in PMO.

THE OTHER

Prod. company — Film Australia
Director — Janet Bell
Screenplay — Michael Carson
Prod. manager — Alison Williamson
Prod. secretary — Amanda Williamson
Prod. accountant — Neil Cousins
Publicity — Jane Glen
Marketing/promotions — Chris Piro
Synopsis — A feature based on the world of big big hair and big business interests.

PALAU

Prod. company — Film Australia
Dist. company — Film Australia
Producer — Janet Bell
Screenplay — Chris Lee
Prod. manager — Alison Williamson
Prod. secretary — Amanda Williamson
Prod. accountant — Neil Cousins
Publicity — Jane Glen
Marketing/promotions — Chris Piro
Synopsis — An and mystery thriller set against the recent political events in Palau where the people of the tiny island state have raised up against the might of a superpower.

YOUNGLOO

Prod. company — Film Australia
Dist. company — Film Australia
Producer — Janet Bell
Screenplay — Michael Rogerson
Prod. manager — Alison Williamson
Prod. secretary — Amanda Williamson
Prod. accountant — Neil Cousins
Publicity — Jane Glen
Marketing/promotions — Chris Piro
Synopsis — A 5 x 10 min. drama to be 1st year film school this sets a girl to give blood-vampire story in Australia.

A.G.S.

Prod. company — Film Australia
Dist. company — Film Australia
Producer — Janet Bell
Screenplay — John Lumbard
Prod. manager — Alison Williamson
Prod. secretary — Amanda Williamson
Prod. accountant — Neil Cousins
Publicity — Jane Glen
Marketing/promotions — Chris Piro
Synopsis — A 5 x 10 min. drama to be 1st year film school this sets a girl to give blood-vampire story in Australia.

Synopsis — A promotional video of 8 members for the Australian construction services.

MADE IN THE USA

Prod. company — Film Australia
Dist. company — Film Australia
Producer — Janet Bell
Screenplay — David Kruze
Prod. manager — Alison Williamson
Prod. secretary — Amanda Williamson
Prod. accountant — Neil Cousins
Publicity — Jane Glen
Marketing/promotions — Chris Piro
Synopsis — Made in the USA is a documentary, covering the 150th anniversary of American film during the golden age of the late Centre for the Arts and Creative American Project Film. Made in the USA will reveal the nation's cinema industry and its development.

Prod. company — Film Australia
Dist. company — Film Australia
Producer — Janet Bell
Screenplay — David Kruze
Prod. manager — Alison Williamson
Prod. secretary — Amanda Williamson
Prod. accountant — Neil Cousins
Publicity — Jane Glen
Marketing/promotions — Chris Piro
Synopsis — Made in the USA is a documentary, covering the 150th anniversary of American film during the golden age of the late Centre for the Arts and Creative American Project Film. Made in the USA will reveal the nation's cinema industry and its development.

AUTRAID EDUCATION

Prod. company — Film Australia
Producer — Don Murray
Screenplay — Don Murray
Prod. manager — Alison Williamson
Prod. secretary — Amanda Williamson
Prod. accountant — Neil Cousins
Publicity — Jane Glen
Marketing/promotions — Chris Piro
Synopsis — The module is a complete module and comprehensive teaching guide. The video will be in 4 parts. Looking back at a recent history of Australia's labor where we all work - the workers and industries that have shaped the nation's balance of payments. Getting it right - a story and an effort for all Australians. Looking to the future - turning Ours is new look and teaching material for all ages.

Prod. company — Film Australia
Dist. company — Film Australia
Producer — Don Murray
Screenplay — Don Murray
Prod. manager — Alison Williamson
Prod. secretary — Amanda Williamson
Prod. accountant — Neil Cousins
Publicity — Jane Glen
Marketing/promotions — Chris Piro
Synopsis — The module is a complete module and comprehensive teaching guide. The video will be in 4 parts. Looking back at a recent history of Australia's labor where we all work - the workers and industries that have shaped the nation's balance of payments. Getting it right - a story and an effort for all Australians. Looking to the future - turning Ours is new look and teaching material for all ages.

PASSPORTS

Prod. company — Film Australia
Dist. company — Film Australia
Producer — Don Murray
Screenplay — Don Murray
Prod. manager — Alison Williamson
Prod. secretary — Amanda Williamson
Prod. accountant — Neil Cousins
Publicity — Jane Glen
Marketing/promotions — Chris Piro
Synopsis — The module is a complete module and comprehensive teaching guide. The video will be in 4 parts. Looking back at a recent history of Australia's labor where we all work - the workers and industries that have shaped the nation's balance of payments. Getting it right - a story and an effort for all Australians. Looking to the future - turning Ours is new look and teaching material for all ages.

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THE REAL AUSTRALIAN WEST

Prod. company — Film Australia
Dist. company — Film Australia
Producer — Don Murray
Screenplay — Don Murray
Prod. manager — Alison Williamson
Prod. secretary — Amanda Williamson
Prod. accountant — Neil Cousins
Publicity — Jane Glen
Marketing/promotions — Chris Piro
Synopsis — The module is a complete module and comprehensive teaching guide. The video will be in 4 parts. Looking back at a recent history of Australia's labor where we all work - the workers and industries that have shaped the nation's balance of payments. Getting it right - a story and an effort for all Australians. Looking to the future - turning Ours is new look and teaching material for all ages.

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KRISTINA FRIEND

28 years old
 175 cm tall, medium frame
 Brown eyes, auburn hair

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CRASHLAND TO CRASH

Australian People (Environment)

Prod company: Zip Productions Pty Ltd
Producers: Bruce Haines
Director: Peter Jolly
Screenplay: Bob Haywood
Narrator: Robert Munn
Laboratory: Zip Productions Pty Ltd
Length: 85 minutes
Gauge: 16mm
Synopsis: Designed to be viewed as an introduction to the Australian Museum's exhibition 'In with a sliver of the rain forest', this short film illustrates the changing environment over the past 100,000 years. It is a loosely based documentary and screens through the rain forest to the Australian rain forest and beyond.

DO FOR DOLLS, PRINCE

Prod company: Pinnacle Picture Company
Producers: Mike Conway
Directors: Bruce Long
Co-director: Rodney Long
Prod manager: Gary Long
Editor: Mike Conway
Lighting cameraman: Peter Dawkins
Laboratory: DOL
Gauge: 35mm
Length: 21 minutes
Sound: Stereo
Synopsis: The documentary documentary is set in the New South Wales rain forest of the Blue Mountains, where the forest is a lush and vibrant world. The film is a study of the forest's ecology and the life of the forest's inhabitants. It is a study of the forest's ecology and the life of the forest's inhabitants.

STREET BEATS: CRASH BAND, BLOOD AND ITS BLOOD TO BLOOD

Prod company: David P. Jones
Producers: David P. Jones
Director: David P. Jones
Screenplay: David P. Jones
Prod manager: David P. Jones
Editor: David P. Jones
Lighting cameraman: David P. Jones
Co-director: David P. Jones
Sound: David P. Jones
Prod production: David P. Jones
Length: 10 minutes
Gauge: 16mm
Synopsis: This documentary is a study of the life of the street in the New South Wales rain forest of the Blue Mountains, where the forest is a lush and vibrant world. The film is a study of the forest's ecology and the life of the forest's inhabitants. It is a study of the forest's ecology and the life of the forest's inhabitants.

Synopsis: Produced by the Australian Museum, this film is about the impact of people on the rain forest environment. It is a study of the forest's ecology and the life of the forest's inhabitants. It is a study of the forest's ecology and the life of the forest's inhabitants.

THE WAY TO A NEW CAR

Prod company: Pinnacle Picture Company
Producers: Richard Stratton
Director: Richard Stratton
Screenplay: Richard Stratton
Prod manager: Gary Long
Editor: Gary Long
Lighting cameraman: Peter Dawkins
Sound: Peter Dawkins
Prod production: Twenty Twenty Five
Length: 11 minutes
Gauge: 16mm
Synopsis: Produced by the Australian Museum, this film is about the impact of people on the rain forest environment. It is a study of the forest's ecology and the life of the forest's inhabitants. It is a study of the forest's ecology and the life of the forest's inhabitants.

THE ROCKS

STONEY'S ORIGINAL MESSAGE

Prod company: Glen Johnson Prod Ltd
Producers: Glen Johnson and Peter Jolly
Director: Glen Johnson
Screenplay: Peter Jolly
Prod manager: Peter Jolly
Editor: Peter Jolly
Lighting cameraman: Peter Jolly
Sound: Peter Jolly
Prod production: Peter Jolly
Length: 10 minutes
Gauge: 16mm
Synopsis: This film is a study of the life of the street in the New South Wales rain forest of the Blue Mountains, where the forest is a lush and vibrant world. The film is a study of the forest's ecology and the life of the forest's inhabitants. It is a study of the forest's ecology and the life of the forest's inhabitants.

THE WAY TO GO

Prod company: The Production Team
Producers: The Production Team
Director: The Production Team
Screenplay: The Production Team
Prod manager: The Production Team
Editor: The Production Team
Lighting cameraman: The Production Team
Sound: The Production Team
Prod production: The Production Team
Length: 10 minutes
Gauge: 16mm
Synopsis: This film is a study of the life of the street in the New South Wales rain forest of the Blue Mountains, where the forest is a lush and vibrant world. The film is a study of the forest's ecology and the life of the forest's inhabitants. It is a study of the forest's ecology and the life of the forest's inhabitants.

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UNDERSTANDING SEO

Prod company: Glen Johnson Prod Ltd
Producers: Glen Johnson and Peter Jolly
Director: Glen Johnson
Screenplay: Peter Jolly
Prod manager: Peter Jolly
Editor: Peter Jolly
Lighting cameraman: Peter Jolly
Sound: Peter Jolly
Prod production: Peter Jolly
Length: 10 minutes
Gauge: 16mm
Synopsis: This film is a study of the life of the street in the New South Wales rain forest of the Blue Mountains, where the forest is a lush and vibrant world. The film is a study of the forest's ecology and the life of the forest's inhabitants. It is a study of the forest's ecology and the life of the forest's inhabitants.

THE END OF THE BATH (JEWELRY)

Prod company: Pinnacle Picture Company
Producers: Mike Conway
Director: Bruce Long
Co-director: Rodney Long
Prod manager: Gary Long
Editor: Mike Conway
Lighting cameraman: Peter Dawkins
Sound: Peter Dawkins
Prod production: David P. Jones
Length: 10 minutes
Gauge: 16mm
Synopsis: This film is a study of the life of the street in the New South Wales rain forest of the Blue Mountains, where the forest is a lush and vibrant world. The film is a study of the forest's ecology and the life of the forest's inhabitants. It is a study of the forest's ecology and the life of the forest's inhabitants.

PROUD TO BE SUPPLY

- 4 Day Revolution
- Rainbow Mirror
- Rainbow Crescent
- A Long Way From Home
- Australian Break

TELEVISION PRODUCTION

ABOUT OUR PETS

Prod company: Pinnacle Picture Company
Producers: Richard Stratton
Director: Richard Stratton
Screenplay: Richard Stratton
Prod manager: Gary Long
Editor: Gary Long
Lighting cameraman: Peter Dawkins
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ALL THE WAY

Prod company: Pinnacle Picture Company
Producers: Mike Conway
Director: Bruce Long
Co-director: Rodney Long
Prod manager: Gary Long
Editor: Mike Conway
Lighting cameraman: Peter Dawkins
Sound: Peter Dawkins
Prod production: David P. Jones
Length: 10 minutes
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Screenplay: The Production Team
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TELEVISION PRE-PRODUCTION

PLUMED WHITE ANT

(The Story of the Aboriginal Painter)

Prod company: Pinnacle Picture Company
Producers: Richard Stratton
Director: Richard Stratton
Screenplay: Richard Stratton
Prod manager: Gary Long
Editor: Gary Long
Lighting cameraman: Peter Dawkins
Sound: Peter Dawkins
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FILM BUFF'S DIARY OCTOBER

1 **1963** *Maverick* News crosses operation in U.S. as an active producer of weekly newsreel programs and becomes archival operation

2 **1990** Groucho Marx (Julius Henry Marx) born, New York City

3 **1896** Queen Victoria becomes first British monarch to appear in moving pictures when she and the Emperor and Empress of Russia are filmed by the Photographer at Belvedere

4 **1923** Charlton Heston (John Charlton Carter) born, Evanston, Illinois

5 **1886** Hal Bessell Wallis, producer (*Casablanca*, 1942, *The Grift*, 1969), dies, of complications from diabetes, Rancho Mirage, California

6 **1912** Richard Griffith, film historian and critic (*The Mirror with Arthur Mayer*), born, Winchester, Virginia

7 **1899** Clarence Muse, black actor seen variously in Uncle Tom and more dignified roles, honoured in Black Filmmakers Hall of Fame, born, Baltimore

8 **1939** Paul Hogan born, Lightning Ridge, NSW

9 **1894** Hagop Aniketan, outstanding make-up artist of French cinema, creator of Jean Marais' monstrous face in Cocteau's *Le Belu Et Le Beu*, 1946, born, Ekaterinodar, Russia

10 **1973** Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton are re-married by a District Commissioner in the middle of the African bush, Kenia, Botswana

11 **1916** Jerome Robbins (Jerome Robbins), choreographer (*The King And I*, 1956, *West Side Story*, 1961 - also co-directed), born, Washawken, New Jersey

12 **1938** Alexander Kooda's *The Private Life of Henry VIII* opens, Radio City Music Hall, New York

13 **1898** Daisuke Ito(h), pioneer Japanese director noted for violent violence (*Zangin Zangin Kari/Mim-Shaking Horse-Piercing Sword*, 1929), born, Tokyo

14 **1909** Dorothy Kingsley, screenwriter (*Napoleon's Daughter*, 1948, *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers*, 1954), born, New York City

15 **1962** Pat O'Brien (William Joseph Patrick O'Brien) dies, of heart attack, Santa Monica, California

16 **1984** Peggy Ann Garner, child star awarded an Oscar as 'outstanding child actress' in 1944, dies, Woodland Hills, California



Credited as Dander II Paul Hogan

17 **1905** Claude Bryson, one-time editor of *Vanity* who reputedly wrote famous headline about 1929 stock-market crash 'Wall Street Lays An Egg'; later screenwriter *Unlucky 'Round The Flag Boys'*, 1938, *North To Alaska*, 1960 and director (*Alone With Foxes* 1932), born, Chicago

18 **1896** Frederick Hollander, composer (*The Blue Angel*, 1930, *Berlin Express*, 1948, *North Yesterday* 1951), born, London

19 **1960** George Wallace (George Stevenson Wallace), comedian star of a number of films for Elicec and Cinesound Studios, dies, Sydney

20 **1978** Cig Young and his wife of three weeks found shot to death in their New York apartment, apparently in a murder-suicide

21 **1958** Editor Ilyenusha Shub, creative father of compilation films using combination of newsreel and actuality footage (*The Russia Of Nicholas II And Leo Tolstoy*, 1928), dies, Moscow

22 **1943** Catherine Deneuve (Catherine Dorland) born, Paris

23 **1888** Una O'Connor (Agnes Teresa McGlade), actress with surprising screen heard to good effect in several horror films (*The Bride Of Frankenstein*, 1935), also seen as English maids, spinsters or gossips, born, Belfast

24 **1891** Arthur Edson, director of photography (*All Quiet On The Western Front*, 1930, *Frankenstein*, 1931, *The Maltese Falcon*, 1941, *Casablanca*, 1942), born, New York City

25 **1899** Abel Gance, director (*Napoleon*, 1927), born, Paris

26 **1936** Nelson Pereira dos Santos, producer, editor and director, father of 'cinema novo' (*Prime Sins*, 1962), born, Sao Paulo, Brazil

27 **1906** Gabriel Scognamiglio, art director (*Rebel On Broadway*, 1941, *The Great Caruso*, 1951, *Strange Lady In Thru*, 1955), born, New York City

28 **1982** Igor Auzan's *We Of The New Meter* premieres, Cinema Centre, Canberra

29 **1963** A Senate Select Committee's report, the Vincent Report, recommends Government aid for Australian film industry

30 **1945** Henry Winkler born, New York City

31 **1968** Ramon Novarro (Ramon Samanegoa), leading man of Hollywood silent films and the original screen *Don Max*, found beaten to death by intruders at his home in the Hollywood Hills



FILM VICTORIA

By virtue of its unique position in the industry, Film Victoria is able to provide many valuable services to all those actively involved in the production of film and television:

PRODUCTION AND SCRIPT INVESTMENT

Film Victoria invests in and provides loans and other forms of financial assistance for the development, production and marketing of film and television projects

CULTURAL SUPPORT

Film Victoria supports a wide range of film-related cultural activities in Victoria. They include the Australian Film Institute, the Melbourne Film Festival and a variety of groups and societies that organise exhibitions, publications, Awards and conferences for the enhancement of all aspects of the local industry

INDEPENDENT FILMMAKERS' FUND

The Independent Filmmakers' Fund was established to give Victoria's promising young filmmakers an opportunity to hone and display their talent and skills. It is an important training initiative which is already showing encouraging results

PRODUCTION LIAISON

Experienced staff in the Production Liaison Division will handle your queries regarding financial, legal and production aspects of the industry. In addition to acting as Investor's Representative on projects in which Film Victoria has invested, they will advise you on requirements for investing in film production and assist you market your product overseas.

LOCATION SURVEY

Film Victoria has compiled an extensive photographic manual of Victoria's locations. Containing more than 2000 'shootable' locations, including relevant information, the Manual is available, free of charge, to anyone considering filming in Victoria.

DOCUMENTARY DIVISION

The Government Documentary Division is responsible for the production of films and videos for Victorian Government Departments and Public Authorities. These productions include information, education and training films along with drama and general interest material. The Division is also responsible for the CREATIVE INITIATIVES PROGRAM which aims to promote innovation and excellence in the production of independent documentaries


Film Victoria is the government film authority for the state of Victoria, Australia, established to encourage, promote and assist in the production and exhibition of film and television.

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